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THE
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DECEMBER, 1934 VOL. 92, NO.

PROFITS NOT OUTLAWED

Editorial Foreword

One of the nightmares of our straining for economic recovery is that profits may be eliminated permanently from the prospects of business. Business has seen costs increased by the shouldering of higher wages and shorter hours in the national effort to spread employment and consuming power. Business has worried about the unbalanced national budget and the threat of severer taxes eating heavily into profits over an indefinite period. Codes, the Securities Act, stock-market control have been painted as bogies of oppressive regimentation. Business has shivered over the whispered insinuation that the administration is inimical to private enterprise, that it has secretly subscribed to one of the foreign philosophies of government ownership — to communism, fascism, or some other Ism.

Strikes are healthy signs of economic convalescence, and this year we have experienced new kinds of strikes. Strikes of labor in San Francisco, Minneapolis, and the textile industry have been followed by silent strikes of capital. When banks are criticized for not lending they pass the blame to business, which will not borrow. Business in turn has often inclined to truculence, like small children, refusing to play ball and actually sabotaging opportunity when it stares them in the face. Thus business and finance set themselves up in separate compartments over against labor, and all three over against government. In the last analysis, however, recovery will rest upon the sum total of personal vision and personal initiative. We are rapidly recognizing the principle not of collectivism but rather of co-operation, a co-operation resulting more and more in the pooling of personal initiative. Full personal liberty to earn profits or wages by intelligence and hard work shall be unified more and more by a better social vision.

One of the leading investment experts in America assures us privately that our so-called monetary tinkering in 1933 prevented a great catastrophe and that a year from now even the most cautious bankers will have ceased to complain. "Our psychology," he says, "is about as far in the ground to-day as it was in the sky in 1928–29."

Business men have asked THE FORUM for an article to help break the dam of these perplexities. We have turned to the Administration and invited the Secretary of Commerce, the Honorable Daniel Calhoun Roper, to answer certain questions. It is a pleasure to publish his reply, which should give employers and business men new cheer, courage, and incentive.

Henry Goddard Leach

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THE NEW DEAL ENDORSES PROFITS

BY DANIEL CALHOUN ROPER

United States Secretary of Commerce

THE EDITOR of THE FORUM has submitted to me a list of questions concerning various phases and aspects of current economic and social problems, with the request that I answer these questions for publication.

In the limited space and time available, it is impossible to answer all of these questions fully and to develop the ideas involved with necessary thoroughness. I am, therefore, setting forth only the fundamental principles and objectives involved rather than attempting to make the answers comprehensive in all respects. Hence, my answers will, I trust, be considered indicative rather than all-inclusive.

The tragic severity of the depression which gripped our nation at the time of President Roosevelt's inauguration required unprecedented participation on the part of the federal government in order to avert a complete economic cataclysm and to provide methods and mechanisms which would not only halt the downward movement but would also pave the way for releasing and directing the forces of recovery. The nature and scope of the problems facing the Roosevelt Administration require the recognition and application of a threefold objective in solving these national problems. This objective comprises (1) the elimination of those elements in our economic and social system which experience has shown to be outmoded and unsuccessful, (2) the creation of new mechanisms and methods for meeting the entirely new problems arising out of the depression experience, and (3) the retention of those elements in our economic and social system which have stood the test of crucial and exacting experience. The answers to the following questions should be considered against this background of the threefold objective of the New Deal program. In an appraisal of current economic developments, we must view the program in its entirety and not from the viewpoint of a single segment.

II

QUESTION 1. *Is the assurance of profit in private business not just as important for American morale as the assurance of wages?*

This question can be answered with an unequivocal "yes." I have repeatedly stated that the Roosevelt Administration stands squarely behind the principle of adequate and just profits in business, as it does for adequate and just wages to the worker. In every sense of the word, wages represent the profit of the worker and his share in economic gains; salaries represent the profit of executives; and a return on actual capital invested or money borrowed, in order to create goods or services, is represented in interest as profit on capital. The profit principle, therefore, is just as applicable to the wage earner as it is to the salaried executive, to management, and to invested capital.

Furthermore, the tax structure of the federal government is based upon the taxation of profits which arise from business operations. The Administration desires to do everything it can to encourage the making of reasonable profits, for from these profits must come the financial requirements for the government's operation. Because steps have been taken to prevent unfair profits, which are nothing more than insidious, indirect taxation of the public, it does not follow that there will be any attempt to limit reasonable and legitimate profits.

A further illustration of the Administration's expressed policy in relation to profits is found in the address made by President Roosevelt on September 30:

> We count, in the future as in the past, on the driving power of individual initiative and the incen-

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tive of fair private profit, strengthened with the acceptance of those obligations to the public interest which rest upon us all. We have the right to expect that this driving power will be given patriotically and wholeheartedly to our nation.

This question of profits comprehends not only the principle of profit making but also the record of whether or not profits are being made. There is every indication that the calendar year 1934 will show a highly substantial increase in business and corporation profits over recent years. There will, of course, be many cases, even as in times of prosperity, when companies will show low profits or net losses. In a large number of these cases it will be the natural and easy method to blame this condition on what may be considered deterrent factors in the recovery program.

One illustration of the earnings of business is shown in the record of 561 companies submitting reports to the New York Stock Exchange for the first 6 months of 1934, with total earnings of $498,595,000, compared with $133,649,000 in earnings made by the same companies for the corresponding period of 1933. This is an increase of $365,946,000, or 275 per cent. An encouraging factor, also, in relation to these improved profits is the fact that the majority of companies represented has increased wages and shown a substantial re-employment record. The Administration is just as eager to see business profits increased and maintained as it is to see wages increased and maintained. Its great objective is, in so far as possible, to parallel these increases so that both capital and labor have the benefit of such accruing advantages.

III

QUESTION 2. *Can labor be made as responsible for its agreements as employers?*

I categorically answer "yes." My confidence in patriotic American citizenship assures me that constructive labor leadership will assume and carry out its agreements with employers. We must remember that the seriousness of the depression was symbolized most urgently and dramatically by the thirteen or fourteen million unemployed people in this country at the time President Roosevelt took office. Psychologically, the effects of the depression were imprinted upon people's minds most deeply by this vast army of unemployed. The social emphasis under such an emergency was immediately greater than the economic emphasis. There were only two ways of caring for these unfortunates — gainful re-employment in the regular channels of business activity and emergency relief, with the provision of food, shelter, and clothing. To meet this problem required the taking of steps which would have been unjustified in normal times.

We must not, therefore, confuse permanent labor and business relations with those steps which have been required for emergency purposes. Labor and business are naturally held equally responsible for living up to agreements which are in the interest of both. Our present recovery period is characterized by unusual sensitiveness in employer-employee relations, and some actions taken under such conditions may not yet have been considered from all angles that experience will prove necessary for a long-term program.

The experience of the National Recovery Administration in dealing with the most critical problems in this field has provided a factual basis upon which permanent agreements between employers and employees can be studied and adjusted. Any such agreements must always recognize the element of give and take. Our form of government and economic system are based upon our ability and willingness to compromise and the ability and willingness of related economic segments to unite in a common program that will bring, ultimately, the greatest good to the greatest number without imposing unjust penalties upon any of those involved. I have not the slightest doubt that such a reasonable adjustment will be reached and that it will be mandatory upon both employers and employees to live up to their parts of the agreements determined upon.

IV

QUESTION 3. *To what do you ascribe the irregularity of recovery?*

The irregularities of any recovery period follow a pattern similar to the irregularities of a depression period. We all know that the depression was not simultaneous in all of our economic segments. Some industries and groups suffered declines much earlier than others, and many of these declines were also more drastic than the declines in other

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groups. Price disparities have also been very irregular. Throughout the depression prices in some commodities maintained a relatively stable position, while others were highly erratic and still others showed a moderate fluctuation. Many industries and trades had already been experiencing the effects of the depression for two years before other industries suffered similar reactions.

In a recovery program so vast in scope and implication, both irregularities and inequities are bound to exist. Some groups of people, because their problems are less difficult and complex, receive greater immediate benefits than others. Unemployment in some sections will be lessened to a greater extent than in others. While every effort may be exerted to secure comparable simultaneous results, this perfect objective cannot be achieved. We must remember that victories gained in one sector of our economic front provide confidence and resources for gaining victories in a more stubborn sector. These reasons make it necessary for us to judge results upon the basis of general overall accomplishments and not upon the basis of one particular group or division.

V

QUESTION 4. *Granted that the change to the* status quo ante *is unimaginable under present conditions, do you feel that further experimentation is necessary? Would not the continuance of such a policy prove disturbing to business sentiment?*

Whenever there is reference to the fact that no return can be made to the old order, the statement heretofore made must be kept in mind. There is great danger in interpreting such labels as "the old order" and "the new order," which may be too inclusive in meaning. Such generalizations are always confusing and can easily lead to a wholly incorrect impression. When we say that the old order has passed, never to return, we must not consider this as meaning that those elements in our economic and social system which have proved successful are to be changed or eliminated.

There has been considerable misunderstanding in the minds of many concerning the subject of experimentation. It was obvious to all thinking people that the problems facing President Roosevelt were new and complex ones for which there were no precedents and experience to aid in conclusions and solutions. New methods and new procedures were imperative, but exactly what these should be no one could say. Hence, it was necessary to arrive at the best possible answer and to translate that conclusion into action in order to determine over a long-term period what methods and mechanisms would be necessary to bring about immediate recovery and future stability.

The President very frankly labeled these attempts experimentation. He saw the uselessness of trying again any of the methods that had proved futile in the past. While major aspects of experimentation are definitely over, it cannot be said that further constructive experimentation will be unnecessary. The flexibility of the Administration's approach to current problems is requisite to the return of prosperous economic conditions. As Cardinal Newman once said:

> In a higher world it is otherwise; but here below, to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often.

The fear of change is ingrained in human nature, and the rapidity and severity of changes which have taken place since 1929 have accentuated this psychological characteristic. The evolution of our economic process and mechanisms had, up until March 4, 1933, been relatively slow. There was no necessity for rapid change to meet emergency conditions. With these factors in mind, we secure a much sounder approach to the subject.

Again, in the case of the word "experimentation," we find that this generic label broadly applied as a descriptive term does not give the proper interpretation of the principles and methods involved. To say at any time that existing administrative organization is *status quo* would be to crystallize a program which it might be necessary to test further in the light of practical economic experience. It would eliminate, also, the vital, essential factors of flexibility and adaptability. Instead of serving to disturb business sentiment, this method of approach and procedure should encourage business and inspire confidence, because the mobility of methods and agencies allows concentration of effort and resources at any point in the swiftly shifting scene, in which attention

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may be demanded at one point one day and at still another point on another day. The efficacy of proper experiments is proved further by the experience of the past year and one half in emergency agencies, which have tested through actual adaptation and application those factors and elements of the recovery program which must be limited to the emergency period only and also those factors which should be adapted and adopted for the permanent benefit of the people.

VI

At the conclusion of a conference with Franklin D. Roosevelt at Hyde Park in 1933, several days prior to his inauguration as President, I said: "Governor, shall we concentrate upon the crystallization of a definitely determined program which can be put into effect immediately?" And he answered: "Let's concentrate upon one thing — save the people and the nation and, if we have to change our minds twice every day to accomplish that end, we should do it."

This determination to save our nation and bring order out of chaos is the deep foundation of inspiration guiding President Roosevelt in his vast program of recovery efforts. Under existing conditions, forward-looking and courageous people should be primarily interested not in future minor changes but rather in the sincerity and honesty of purpose of the leadership. Every assistance should be accorded in keeping the leadership correctly informed on changing conditions and administrative results.

In connection with any program so comprehensive and varied, questions, such as those submitted to me by the Editor of The Forum, are certain to arise. Any of us can select one or two activities with which we may disagree. However, when these specific activities are considered in the light of the entire program, they take on a different aspect and meaning. It is a usual day-by-day experience to have one successful business man visit me in my office in the morning and set forth his well-considered viewpoint on some phase of the recovery program. In the afternoon another business man, equally successful and well-informed, will present what he says is a well-considered viewpoint, which is diametrically opposed to the stand taken by my morning visitor.

Recently, several business men asked me to see a man whom they praised as a very sound and astute student of the Administration's position in relation to the budget and the dollar. I conferred with him at considerable length. Several days later another man was brought to my attention who, my informers told me, was a particularly capable student who had devoted much study to the various possible policies in the matters of the budget and the dollar. I saw him also. By background and experience each seemed qualified to give a sound and constructive analysis. Yet the two disagreed on every major point.

I cite these personal experiences to indicate the problems encountered in reconciling opposing points of view and the necessity for weighing carefully all advice and recommendations. President Roosevelt stated the case in his address before the American Bankers Association when he said:

> A true function of the head of the Government of the United States is to find among many discordant elements that unity of purpose that is best for the nation as a whole.

This the Administration is doing, and in this effort it must be supported by the people.

Our duty as citizens, therefore, becomes one of judging individual questions and problems from the viewpoint and perspective of the entire program and its general results. We must assume the responsibility of thinking beyond our own particular segments — of thinking for others as well as ourselves. No period of recovery in our history has shown such improvements as have taken place in the past eighteen months. The path of zigzag ascent can be graphed concretely. Gradually, the various improvements are being consolidated. Those responsibilities which the federal government was forced to assume during the early stages of the emergency are being passed back to states, municipalities, and private enterprise as rapidly as possible. A common-sense recognition of these facts allays the worry over specific questions and difficulties and provides the impetus and confidence for meeting the more stubborn problems still facing us, thus assuring that there will be no let-down in our progress toward a recovered prosperity.

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The Townsend Pension Plan

BY SEYMOUR J. MILLIKEN

THE LATEST and most fascinating product of the fertile land of southern California is called the Townsend Revolving Pension Plan. With but negligible assistance from newspapers or radio, it seems to have made its way straight to the hearts of several millions of people, not only in that sunny land of heart's desire but all the way across the country to the eastern states. In view, however, of the fact that the Townsend Plan proposes to dish up $200 a month to approximately 8,000,000 citizens of the Republic, a certain amount of enthusiasm here and there is perhaps to be expected.

As yet it is difficult to estimate the exact place of the Townsend Plan in public regard or to predict its ultimate fate. The latter may be beautiful but speedy, in the manner of technocracy; it may be postponed a little, as was the end of Mah Jong; or it may be, as in the case of free silver, a fate which is forever being delayed. And there is just a possibility that the Townsend Plan may, in spite of its origin, become, in some form or other, a real factor in the politico-socio-economic life of the United States. Proponents of the plan claim "5,000,000 signatures on petitions from citizens in 47 states" and sponsorship by "prominent senators and congressmen." It is also, they say, "favorably regarded by the Administration." Whatever basis of fact is in these statements, it does seem likely that somebody will be found to introduce the Townsend Plan in some kind of legislative form at the next session of Congress.

Dr. F. E. Townsend is an elderly family physician turned layman economist. He lives in Long Beach, California. He proposes to enact a pension law to provide every "worthy" citizen of the United States of 60 or more years of age with $200 a month for life, under the following conditions: (a) the recipient must not have a criminal record; (b) he must retire from all productive or gainful occupations (this implies liquidation of investments); (c) he must agree on oath to spend the entire sum within the month in which it is received within the boundaries of the United States. Needless to say, the pension would be voluntary.

Dr. Townsend has been for some years an administrator of the Health Department of the City of Long Beach. It was, apparently, his close contact with the indigent sick during the performance of his duties in this post that put him hot on the trail that has resulted in the Townsend Plan.

It is not, of course, an original discovery by Dr. Townsend that provision for the aged is a problem that needs attention in periods of depression or at any other time. Insurance statistics show that out of 100 persons reaching the age of 60 only 8 have been fortunate (or smart) enough to have achieved financial success to a degree enabling them to live comfortably thereafter without dependence on further earnings. Seventy-eight more of the 100 are wholly or partially dependent upon what they may be able to earn, while the remaining 14 are entirely dependent on public or private charity.

The problem is more acute in deflationary periods such as the present. Salary cuts and the disadvantage of age, as the competition for jobs becomes more ruthless, slash the incomes of those able to work; while passed dividends, reduction in security values, or even the complete collapse of financial institutions endanger the independence of many who consider themselves safely retired.

Applied to aged persons, these economic tragedies become social tragedies as well, for elderly people will not in the long run possess either the physical or mental strength, the driving power of youth, necessary to make a comeback. Many of them, thrown on already

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overburdened resources of relatives or on the curt, impersonal charity of the state, suffer a breakdown of morale that is almost pathological.

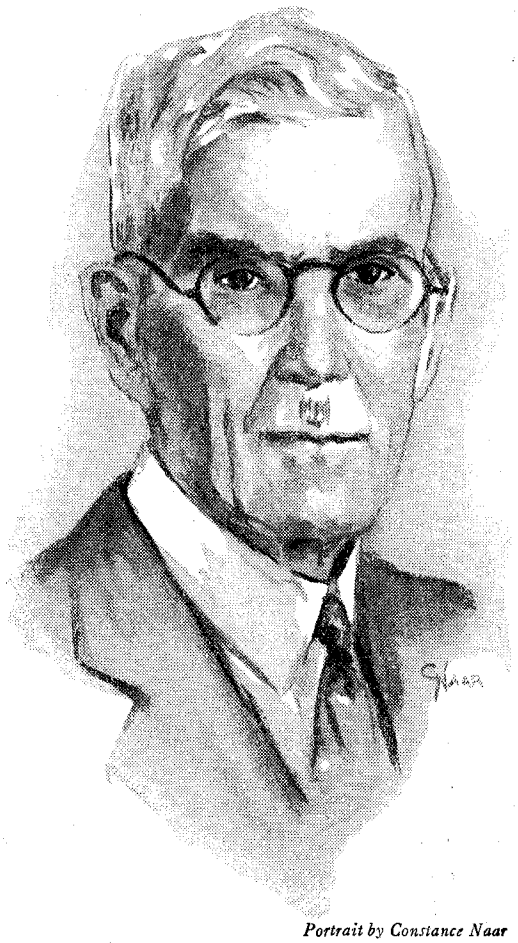
Dr. Townsend, a humanitarian no doubt, thinks his plan will rid society of the indigent aged. In this he is perfectly correct. Assuming that Congress can be persuaded to raise about $19,200,000,000 a year in taxation, the Townsend plan will do the rest. But Dr. Townsend thinks it will do other things as well. He thinks it will give a steady stimulus to business and help deliver the United States from the chaos of economic depression. Before the gentlemen in Washington vote 19 billions and a couple of extra hundred millions of additional annual taxes there is likely to be some argument over this.

II

How do the Townsenders claim the application of their plan will promote economic recovery? First of all, they subscribe to the thesis that technological unemployment of a more or less permanent nature is a major cause of our economic troubles. The constantly growing use of power by civilized man is increasing his capacity to produce the things he needs at an ever decreasing cost. Hence, an ever decreasing number of workers is required to produce them, and an ever increasing number is thrown out of employment. The fiction that poverty is an inevitable condition has been promoted by those who would profit from the stability of the *status quo*. But does a monkey in the forest starve because he has too many coconuts?

Eight million persons will be eligible to apply for the Townsend pension. Each person spending $200 a month, its supporters say, creates a job for one additional worker. Therefore the Townsend Plan will open jobs to 8,000,000 people under 60. The distribution of persons above that age is uniform throughout the country, and thus the stimulation of purchasing power and employment should be uniform. Fourteen dollars a month is the amount the buying power of each individual is expected to be boosted.

The Townsenders announce that two constructive economic ends will therefore be served. First, an adequate amount of buying



Portrait by Constance Naar

Dr. Townsend

power in the hands of our older citizens will permit them to satisfy their wants, so greatly restricted for the past 4 years. Second, there will be created such a demand for new goods of all descriptions that the manufacturing plants of the country will be called upon to operate at full speed and to employ many workers now idle. A smaller sum than that involved in their plan will not accomplish this. They estimate an increased volume of buying of $1,600,000 to $2,000,000 a month, aided by the fact that the country has been on short commodity rations for over 4 years. In addition, the fact that many elderly people now forced to live with relatives would be enabled to own homes of their own is expected to stimulate considerably the building trade and allied industries.

In addition to the two great objectives — to provide security for old age and work for our unemployed millions — there is a third aim of the Townsend Plan, which is to render further economic depressions improbable, if not im-

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possible. Pointing to the technologically unemployed mentioned before and amounting to about 4,000,000 (with their families, to nearly one fourth of the total population of the country), advocates of the plan regard it as impossible to put these people to work again unless they are willing to accept the short day and the minimum wage. They consider it more likely that this army of unemployed will be shunted aside on some form of subsistence dole, to become human clods without ambition, content to wear the livery of serfs and eat the bread of grudging charity.

The trouble they find in the nation's banking system. At the present time money circulates, or does not circulate, in accordance with the fears, whims, or emotions of a few men or institutions that control the major portion of the land. A chief function of government should be to insure a steady and sufficient flow of money through the channels of trade and commerce — sufficient to keep that trade moving at an even tempo free from fear of panics or speculative booms. The flow should be in a constant volume into the coffers of the Treasury and then back immediately on its revolving course into the avenues of commerce.

But the banking system of our country cannot accomplish this. Money can enter the Treasury by the taxation route and from there reach the banks, but at that point it stagnates. It cannot return to the people, where it will be useful, unless they have security to offer for it. And when the need for it is greatest, so is the security most scarce. Business slackens, wages are reduced, the round of charity recommences — unless the Townsend Plan is in operation.

Other arguments of the Townsenders are interesting. Crime, they say, will be decreased. Readers must not jump to the conclusion that the contention is that the aged, penniless, and desperate are those who turn to banditry for a living. The idea is rather that much criminal activity is the product of social degeneration among the youthful unemployed — social degeneration that will no longer take place when a chance to earn an honest living is presented to our youth. Doubtless this is true, but it is of course only a corollary to the economic theory and lends no validity to the main thesis.

We are urged by the Townsenders to regard the plan as a kind of endowment policy for every citizen. During his working years he will contribute his mite, proportionately, in the form of taxes, to the national Treasury. And, upon reaching the age of 60 and retiring, he begins to cash in on his policy, which has been guaranteed by Uncle Sam. (This conception of the plan will doubtless be hailed by our insurance companies as a notable advance in modern thought.)

Finally, there is a strong emphasis on the ethical, the humanitarian aspects of the plan. Social justice for the old, who have labored all their lives; for the young, who want a chance to work; for those jobless through the collapse of industry and finance — these have the universal appeal that make it not improbable that the Townsend Plan, regardless of its merits in reality, will be heard from loudly in the near future.

III

THE CRUCIAL test of the plan's workability must come, of course, in the manner in which it is to be financed, and on this point there appears to be some confusion. The basic method is to be a federal sales tax, but estimates of the necessary rate vary from 5 to 15 per cent. This, it is claimed, can be lowered as volume of trade increases. The levy is termed a "manufacturers' sales tax," but so are all sales taxes, and no way has yet been found to keep them from being passed on to the consumer. The threat of this increase in retail prices is met by two arguments: (1) the tremendous increase in the total volume of business which the revolving fund would insure would guarantee larger profits to the retailer at his old prices and make an appreciable advance unnecessary; (2) in times of general prosperity high retail prices don't make any difference!

This apparently is one of those questions about which endless wrangling can ensue without any noticeable progress toward the truth. However, if it is assumed that the great amount of money implied in the plan *can* be kept in circulation, the problem is resolved to whether or not the resultant pick-up in buying power will balance the increase in the cost of living which would seem inevitable. Reducing the amount of the tax and stabilizing retail prices near their former levels are within the bounds

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of possibility, but only if the plan works first.

But can this nearly two billions of dollars be kept in monthly circulation? To eliminate the possibility of hoarding, Dr. Townsend would disburse the pension not in cash but in a kind of government check-books or script. It is not stated where and under what circumstances this script is to be honored.

The tax burden would, of course, be somewhat mitigated by the disappearance of organized charity — of community chests, old people's homes, poor farms, and so forth, as well as the multitude of city, county, state, and national relief agencies now in existence. Statistics on such expenditures, however, even if immediately available, would be of little value unless the rate of the Townsend sales tax could be accurately determined.

Although it may be due largely to the uncoordinated manner in which the Townsend ideas have been disseminated, there is a strong flavor of inflation among some of his supporters. One of them has written: "To start the plan, the government would need to create a fund of two billion dollars by printing that much currency — tax free — out of which the pensions could be paid until such a time as the government can create the revolving fund to be collected from a wholesale or retail sales tax."

Another strong flavor about the plan is that of the social-credit scheme promulgated by Major Douglas. Particularly strong in England, this particular panacea has gained only scattered footholds in this country.

It is stretching credulity to hold that the application of Dr. Townsend's ideas will plunge the country head over heels into prosperity. Regardless of the amount of purchasing power it would release, there is no evidence to show that this would do more than balance the rise in retail prices, forced up by the sales tax. Furthermore, the plan offers no suggestion for control of production, the attainment of a long-time balance between production and consumption, which, whether accomplished by producers, by consumers, or by other agency, would seem to be a requisite for any Utopia. At best, the Townsend Plan would take up the present slack of technological unemployment, but, assuming that technology too is not going to retire at age 60, what does the Doctor propose to do when a new slack makes itself felt? Well, he might jump his pensions to $400 a month — or make them payable beginning at age 50!

In essence, then, the Townsend Plan would appear to be a rather engaging method of effecting a new distribution of wealth. The direction of that distribution — toward the more aged members of society — has much to recommend it, but the direction *whence* will have many critics. Those who hold that economic lows are the result chiefly of overcapitalization attained by continued successful efforts to cut costs by lowering wages will certainly not be pleased, for a sales tax invariably bounces off capital and lands with a dull thud on consumers, who, in bulk, are wage earners.

Of course the plan will meet with opposition from those guardians of individualism who feel that a man should retire on what he has been able to save for himself — and no more. Left wingers — socialists and communists — will spurn it as one more capitalist scheme to salvage a sinking ship, while reactionaries will doubtless suspect it of being another red plot. It would be no surprise to find it under the scrutiny of the Congressional Committee for the Investigation of Un-American Activities. Bankers and insurance men will retch violently at the mention of the good Doctor's name, and conservative interests generally will be very wary of anything carrying the alternatives of inflation or a murderous tax of up to 15 per cent on sales.

But there are a goodly number of individuals in this country who are neither left nor right wingers, neither bankers, industrialists, nor insurance executives, and to not a few of these Dr. Townsend's bright idea will appeal as a pretty nifty bit of business. Technocracy, which burgeoned and perished in the space of a few weeks, was lost when it began to talk about ergs. Townsendiarism is at least couched in terms a child of ten can understand. In the words of a resident of the section of the country which in one year has given us EPIC and the Utopian Society and now wants to give us $200 a month, "it would naturally appear that any idea, which has taken the entire of Southern California by storm, would merit a certain amount of publicity."

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COWS AND OTHER THINGS

Recollections of a Veterinarian

BY GUY G. STEVENS

Drawings by Donald McKay

ONLY THE other day, someone asked me how I could tell when a cow had foot-and-mouth disease.

"You don't have to tell," I replied. "The cow will tell you."

I had been practicing for about three years before I found this out. I graduated from Cornell Veterinary College. Like the majority of veterinarians I'd never seen a case. It was something we read about and remembered well enough to be covered in case the state board examiners brought it up.

In a general way, we knew that a strict federal quarantine had kept the infection out of the United States. If the disease ever broke through the quarantine, there would be hell to pay, for once it became general it is doubtful if it ever could be eradicated.

It would mean a direct loss of many millions of dollars to stockmen and it is extremely likely it would destroy much of the wild life of the country: deer, elk, bison; in fact all split-hoofed animals would be affected.

So much I recall from the book. The rest of my knowledge came from experience.

This was in 1914, the latter part of November.

As far as good road construction was concerned, our central New York hills were virgin territory. From the fifteenth of October to the first of May, horses looked reproachfully at every doctor, mail carrier, and hired man who hauled milk.

I didn't weigh as much as I do now, so I rode horseback. I answered calls from Groton City (estimated population 41 souls) six miles over the east hill; from West Groton (estimated population 53 and expectations) five miles from the summit of the west hill. Just for exercise and advertisement I rode ten miles north and south through the valley.

Of course there were times when I was delayed because of detours through the swamps to avoid the roads. But I made it a rule that, if the cow had died before I arrived at the barnyard, I performed a post-mortem examination and charged for the visit at my regular rates.

One day, I was called to Groton City. The farmer who phoned for me left word that he had a number of cattle with sore feet. I took it for granted that it was an ordinary case of "fouls," which is a common foot infection.

I did not go to Groton City that afternoon because my pony cast a shoe and I had to wait my turn at the blacksmith's shop.

The following morning, when I hitched my horse to the post beside the road near Fred Darling's house, I noticed a saddle horse tied to a ring beside the barn door. I knew the horse belonged to Dr. J. C. Stevens, a veterinarian from Cortland. I hoped Darling wasn't mad at me for not making the effort to get there the night before.

I found Dr. Stevens just inside the door

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of the cow stable. We both looked at the cows and then we looked at each other.

There were nine head in the stanchions. Darling had just fed them cabbage.

The cows wanted the food. They were trying to eat. But they were drooling and unable to swallow the cabbage leaves, because their mouths were so sore they could not chew.

In addition, there was a noticeable sound as if they were trying to draw cool air into their lungs over their blistered tongues. This sound is characteristic of the disease at this stage. It is a smack of the lips, such as a schoolboy might make to annoy the teacher.

There were spots of saliva in the mangers in front of the animals.

I knew what I thought but I was afraid to think it. Doctor Stevens had had more experience. I tried to pass the buck to him.

"Have you looked at them, Doctor?"

"Sure." He passed the buck right back. "I've mouthed several. Take a look at that second one's tongue."

I examined the nearest animal first. I found small blisters on the inside of her lips and on her dental pads. The second cow, to which Doctor Stevens had pointed, had advanced a little further; her tongue showed a later stage of the disease. The blisters had ruptured. The tongue itself looked something like a beef tongue after it has been parboiled, for the outer covering was peeling.

On their front feet, especially, sores had appeared between their toes. There were blisters upon teats and udders.

I began to remember the footnotes in Dr. V. A. Moore's textbook *Infectious Diseases*. I backed rapidly out of the stable and wished I'd never seen Groton City, Darling, or his cows. Dr. Stevens was simultaneously wishing he had stayed in Cortland County.

"How can I disinfect my arctics?" he asked me. It was obvious that he had reached the same conclusion I had.

We knew that foot-and-mouth disease is the most contagious of any animal ailment discussed in the textbooks. A little later, we were to find out how easily it could be carried from one farm to another in spite of ordinary precautions.

I was not worried then about Dr. Stevens' arctics. I was thinking about my own. I was thankful that my horse was tied out by the road, instead of being hitched near the barn.

Darling, the owner, followed us out. "Well?" he asked. "Well, what is it?"

Instead of answering, Dr. Stevens turned to me. "What antiseptic have you in your saddlebags?"

"Bichloride of mercury."

"What's that got to do with my cows?"

"Never mind the cows. We've got to take care of our arctics. Got a washtub?"

Darling looked at us as if he thought we needed a keeper. "My wife has a washtub."

"Bring it out here."

"Out here in the yard?"

"Right here, under this tree. And bring a couple of pails of warm water."

He must have decided to humor us, for he brought the tub, water, soap, and a chair.

We dissolved the mercury in the water. Then, after washing our hands with soap and water, we rinsed them in the bichloride solution. Next, Dr. Stevens and I took turns sitting in the chair, putting our feet in the tub, and scrubbing our footwear.

We made a comical picture. Dr. Stevens is a tall man. It must have looked as if he had to sit down to reach his feet.

The neighbors enjoyed the spectacle. One, seeing our footbath under a sour-bough tree at high noon in early winter, called cheerfully, "Well, boys, how's the cider?"

We did not answer. We did not want any rumors started until we had had time to notify the authorities in Albany. And, if the cider explanation satisfied the neighborhood, it saved a lot of lying.

"Around here we don't get so dirty," called another wit. "We can wait until Saturday night to take a bath."

Before I left the infected farm, I answered Darling's question. It's a tough thing to tell a man that all his cattle are doomed. But he only nodded.

"I mistrusted it." He had heard vaguely about the disease.

I also questioned him carefully to see if we could determine the source of the infection. The only possible explanation was this fact. About a week before, the farmer had purchased three cows from a dealer. When he went for the animals, one was dead. He brought the

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other two home with him and placed them in his herd.

Curiously enough, the dealer's herd was not peppered, and no other cases were reported as developing from that source.

One theory advanced was that the three animals Darling purchased had been shipped in a stock car. In this same car, pigs had previously been sent to market. If this indeed were the source of the infection, the pigs were butchered before the disease developed, or else the stockyard inspectors had failed to recognize it.

Later inquiry failed to establish anything further.

I warned Darling that he must stay on his own property and must not allow any visitors, especially near the barns. Dr. Stevens meanwhile rode to Cortland and sent a wire to the State Commissioner of Agriculture.

A two-day delay followed, because they doubted our diagnosis. There were no other outbreaks reported in this part of the state, at that time.

At length, when our findings had been verified, a state veterinarian and his deputies appeared and placed Darling's farm under strict quarantine. The sheriffs of Tompkins and Cayuga counties were instructed to place deputies on the premises to enforce the order. His farm happened to be on the county line, so both were involved.

These guards were armed. Their duties were, briefly, to see that no one came in and that no one went out. They themselves boarded at a neighbor's house. They were also told to shoot all stray dogs.

All valuable dogs, consequently, were tied up, and the dog days lasted about six weeks that winter.

A State of Siege

To understand the reign of terror that followed the spread of rumor after rumor about the whole district, one must consider the circumstances. The main item of farm income in Cayuga and Tompkins counties is the monthly milk check. It's due the fifteenth of the month, and all farmers are dependent on it.

Very few men in the entire New York City milkshed had ever come in contact with foot-and-mouth disease, at this time. The wildest stories were circulated and believed.

Lew Coggshall, who had a fine dairy herd of pure-bred Guernsey cows, oiled and loaded two shotguns. One was left by his front door "for peddlers and veterinarians" he announced. The other was placed by his back door "for dogs and pigeons." Mr. Coggshall was not fooling.

A story, entirely false, got around that the state inspectors were themselves spreading the disease, while examining healthy cattle. One woman, in particular, made the veterinarians disinfect and fumigate themselves in her front yard, at the point of an ugly dog, which she held like a six shooter on a leash.

None of us present thought the leash was strong enough.

The Common Council of the village of Locke, composed of cow dealers, calf buyers, and milkmen, drove six miles to the Groton Inn and solemnly warned the state men to keep out of the Town of Locke.

As a matter of fact, no case could be traced to anything except the ignorance and carelessness of farmers. The state men wore, as I did, high rubber boots, rubber coats and hats, rubber gloves. We washed in a bichloride solution before and after we entered any dairy, whether it was infected or not. We also fumigated ourselves, using a formalin preparation.

But the disease spread with alarming rapidity.

One neighbor heard that Darling's cattle were sick with a strange malady which had dried up the cows. This was before we were called and before the quarantine had been established. He was worried about his own herd. So he went to Darling's place, opened the mouths of Darling's cows, noticed how they looked, and promptly went home and examined his own animals, without even stopping to wash his hands.

"Mine haven't got a sign of it," he boasted that night. "They're clean as a whistle."

A week later, his herd was wiped out.

The only animals susceptible to foot-and-mouth disease are those with cloven hoofs. But horses, dogs, birds, and hired men may carry it. The limitations of the disease were not generally understood any better than the dangers of it. We had outbreaks reported among ducks and geese that seemed to be walking lame. One man told me his wife had it.

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He asked me to treat her for it, because he thought I'd had more experience with it than the family physician.

"She's acting funny," he explained to me. "Funnier than usual. And when I asked her what was the trouble, she told me, 'Nothin''! Go on in the house and see what you can do for her, Doc."

I told him the only thing that troubled her was having to live with him.

Federal inspectors were sent from Buffalo, to assist the state men. The federal representatives took charge of destroying all diseased animals and of disinfecting the premises afterwards. Their method of procedure at Darling's farm and later at the other dairies was this.

The owner was hired to excavate a hole nine feet deep by nine feet wide and forty to sixty feet long. He used his team and horse scraper. After the animals had been appraised, they were led into this grave and shot. The hides were slashed in order to hasten the action of barrels of quicklime which was spread over the carcasses. The slashing also served to prevent the hides being exhumed and stolen.

Then the grave was covered, the limed carcasses being at least six feet below the surface.

Any loose or wooden floor inside the barn was then torn out and destroyed. The inside walls and concrete floors were washed with strong disinfectant. The barnyard was sprayed, hoed, cleaned, and limed.

The owner of the cattle was reimbursed by the federal and state governments for the value of the animals destroyed, as determined by the official appraisal. But he was not allowed to restock his farm for some time afterwards.

The owner's loss, therefore, was principally his milk check. Nor was he allowed to sell any farm produce, including hay and grain. His adjoining neighbors on all sides were also restrained from selling anything. This was naturally a serious blow to a great many in the community, and it caused much hardship.

It happened that a car, loaded with food and articles contributed to the Belgian relief, was standing on the railroad siding in Groton, when the quarantine was put down. That was not allowed to be forwarded.

No animal could be moved along or even across a public highway, anywhere in the township, except in a wagon and by special twenty-four-hour permit.

The Groton Inn, where the inspectors lived, became so saturated with the smell of kreso — the disinfectant they used in cleaning up the barns — that the pungent odor remained in the corridors and rooms long afterward and interfered with the sale of the Inn the following spring.

A short distance from Darling's was a large herd owned by Bert Ripley. Another neighbor was a carpenter named Crockford.

Before the disease was recognized in Darling's cattle, Ripley hired Crockford to build a porch on a house he owned in South Cortland, ten miles away. Crockford had been in contact with Darling's cattle. He may have sat down and milked a cow or two.

In any event, Ripley drove the carpenter to South Cortland, where they worked together

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all day upon the house. When they got back to Ripley's, it was dark and late. The carpenter offered to help Ripley milk.

Each and every cow that he milked that evening promptly came down with the disease.

Besides the twenty head of cattle at Ripley's place, we were forced to kill a sow and a number of pigs.

Meanwhile the inspectors had taken a topographical map of the district and had drawn five-mile circles with each infected farm as a center. Every farm within each circle was visited, some of them repeatedly.

Every cloven-hoofed animal was mouthed and examined. This means thousands of cows on hundreds of farms. The cows and sheep and pigs had to be handled aseptically. The owners, diplomatically.

There was, I remember, a maiden lady who owned a pet Jersey heifer. Neither the owner nor the heifer was used to men. They both resented our intrusion.

Dr. E. T. Faulder of Buffalo, now head of the New York State Bureau of Animal Industry, first talked to the heifer's owner. She had so much to say to him that, while she was explaining why he could not bring his inspectors upon her farm, we were able to slip around behind the house, and look in Buttercup's mouth.

We reappeared at the front door and winked to Dr. Faulder that everything was all right there.

Then came the question of getting away without telling her what we had done. He was too much of a gentleman to walk out while the lady was talking, and it was a full half hour before she stopped.

Meanwhile, one night, Fred Dimon, who lived some three miles west of Darling's farm, called me. He said that he had a cow which was "ailing." My professional calls had stopped, as soon as it was known that I had been on the premises where the foot-and-mouth disease was discovered. No one dared trust me to walk in the barns or handle stock. For six months after the outbreak my practice was ruined. A year later many farmers were still suspicious of me.

Therefore, when Dimon phoned, I had an idea what the trouble was in his herd. And he had his suspicions, or he wouldn't have sent for me.

I found the heifer with a slight fever. Her symptoms seemed to fit no other disease.

"I'll have to look in her mouth," I said, and he failed to meet my eye as he nodded.

Beside her dental pad was the characteristic ruptured blister.

"Have you been to Darling's farm?" I asked.

"No, Doc."

"Have you bought any cattle from Darling?"

"Just a little deacon," was his reply. A deacon in this locality is a new-born calf.

"Where is he?"

"Out in the orchard. Frozen stiff," he explained. "The calf was taken sick right after I brought him home."

On looking at the carcass, I could see the lesions in the mouth. And it was only luck for every farmer for miles around that some roving dog had not peppered the entire district from Auburn to Ithaca, by feeding upon this unburied carcass.

Mrs. Dimon was a very nervous woman. She had been worrying about the disease anyway. Mrs. Dimon was not alone in her erroneous belief that the family would all die because they had been using milk and butter from an infected herd. She fainted when her husband told her what I had found. She lived only a short time afterwards, and I have every reason to believe that the shock was a contributing cause of her death.

The Inspector Was a City Man

One black night, an inspector who had just arrived asked me if there were any new cases reported. I told him yes. There was an outbreak at William Bulkley's at West Groton, about eight miles away from the original infection. The Bulkley misfortune we traced to a cow swapping, which is a favorite winter pastime in George Cummings' grocery store. It used to be centered in George Pickens' harness shop before that was pulled down to make room for a gas pump.

It was said that some cows noted for their large appetites, low milk production, and handsome appearance had to be shod with shoes, because they had been led around the roads so long that their feet were sore.

Bulkley later lost about eighteen cows and

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heifers. The inspector and I were on our way there to confirm the diagnosis. As I said, it was a very dark night, one of those nights when only fools, doctors, and unmarried couples were on the roads. We had four miles to go with a horse and buggy.

As we approached the premises, the inspector cautioned me about stabling the horse in the infected barn. I told him that there was a vacant property across the road from Bulkley's. I proposed to tie my horse over there.

A Cayuga Lake wind was rattling the loose shingles and siding. An owl sailed out of the door when I ran it back upon its whining rollers.

The inspector was a city man.

He drew back a little from the barn. "Quite spooky in here," he said. Only his voice did not sound as calm as the words look when written.

"Well," I returned, falling in with his mood, "it has a license to be spooky."

"Why?" He jumped a little.

"Oh, on account of the last owner."

"Whhhhhhhat about the llllast owner?"

"He hung himself on that tie beam."

"Which beam?"

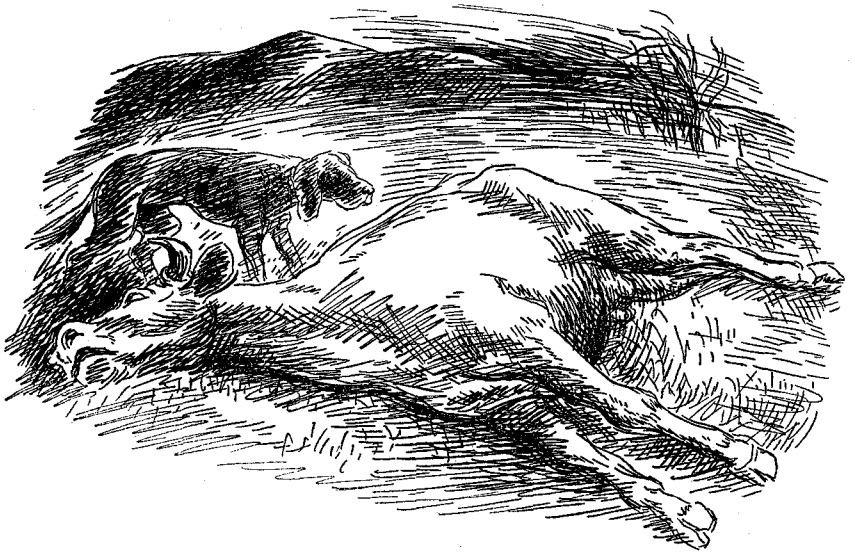
"That one over your head. That's how this place came to be abandoned. Nobody has been willing to live here since that happened." This wasn't entirely true, but I thought it would be an interesting thing to tell under the circumstances.

I didn't have my rubber regalia that evening, so I stayed in Bulkley's house, while the inspector and the owner went to the barn. They finally came back. Bulkley was warned that the quarantine would be established in the morning.

Then it was time to leave. We started back toward the abandoned barn. The Inspector walked slower and slower. As we neared it, another gust of wind sighed through a hemlock tree, shook some cornstalks, and made me shiver.

"Look here, Stevens," said the inspector, suddenly. "I'm not superstitious. I don't believe in ghosts any more than you do. But, if you don't mind, I'll stay here, and you back your horse out."

Oh, well. Foot-and-mouth disease is nothing to go looking for, even in daylight.



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WHY PEOPLE STRIKE

BY ELINORE MOREHOUSE HERRICK

THE INCIDENTS of over a thousand strikes and other labor disputes passing in review before the New York Regional Labor Board, of which I have been the Executive Vice Chairman since its inception in October, 1933, unroll like a panorama of the whole industrial scene. Matter-of-fact statements by workers of their conditions of employment have given me more insight into labor problems than I could have obtained by being in the very plants themselves. Stories of some of these workers have been so incredible as to lead us to send out investigators to check their accuracy. And often the latter returned with reports showing more abuses than those originally complained of by the workers.

My personal experience has been such as to make me familiar with the problems of both sides of the industrial machine, those of labor and those of management. For over a year economic necessity made me a member of the army of unskilled labor. I earned my living at various tasks; I was a worker in a paper-box factory, in a shoe-polish factory, in a textile mill. The last job led to training and promotions which finally landed me on the other side of the fence. I became Production Manager in a textile factory and I know the struggle to keep down production costs. Later, as Executive Secretary of the New York Consumers' League, I had the opportunity of making surveys of working conditions in a number of diverse industries. As a result of these studies the League strove for and secured enactment of remedial legislation, such as New York's mandatory minimum-wage law. The League's co-operation with the New York State Department of Labor in administering the labor laws gave me a clear perspective of the problems involved in enforcing the standards created under the NRA. When machinery for enforcement of the President's Re-employment Agreement was established in New York, the problem of settling industrial disputes assumed major proportions. Even before the establishment of the National Labor Board and its network of Regional Boards, I had a share in settling 175 strikes involving a quarter of a million people. I know, I think, why people strike.

We have been lulled into a false sense of security by the too commonly accepted belief that large employers of labor are almost without exception living up to the minimum-wage and maximum-hour standards set in the NRA codes; equally common is the belief that only the "little fellows" are cheating. These notions warrant closer scrutiny.

Records of the Regional Labor Board show that some employers — both large and small — in practically every industry — cheat the codes. Although in a very considerable number of the strikes and labor disputes handled by the New York Regional Labor Board we have found employers who definitely violated NRA wage standards or worked illegally long hours, these cases do not present as serious an economic or social problem as those in which the employers technically comply with the code while exercising every ingenuity to keep down the gross payroll.

The NRA codes offered employers the opportunity to stabilize industry, to eliminate the cutthroat competition that had characterized the depression years. The country expected the codes to bring about a higher standard of living for all and to abolish the worst evils of our unprecedented unemployment.

But defective drafting of the codes has defeated these high hopes and has permitted employers to thwart the purpose of the Recovery Act. The codes have offered too many loopholes for evasion — such as prolonged and unnecessary learning periods; averaging of hours over a 6-month period; the failure

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strictly to limit weekly hours, which would have required the employment of additional help; and, most serious of all, the low minimum-wage rates with no consideration for the skilled and semi-skilled worker. This last defect has resulted in a compression of the wage scale so that the minimum has virtually become the maximum wage. Skills that have been acquired through long years of employment are no longer rewarded by a commensurate pay check. Established wage differentials have collapsed because of the codes, except in those industries (notably the garment and printing trades) in which labor was so well organized prior to the NRA that the unions were able to insist upon inclusion in the codes of wage differentials based on occupation and skill. In other industries skilled workers are being degraded to the status of "common labor."

These vital weaknesses of the codes are due in great measure to the haste with which they were drawn and also to the fact that this work was supervised by persons ignorant of the practical details of the industries involved. The selfish interest of certain groups which drove hard bargains with the government and insisted upon the establishment of unduly low standards is also responsible.

II

A FEW ILLUSTRATIONS will show clearly the evils of codes which provide only a minimum-wage standard and fail to take into consideration the wage rates deserved by the more skilled employees. Through strikes, we have discovered whole factories in which every worker received the exact minimum prescribed by the NRA codes, and not one cent more.

One hundred seventy-five radio workers who had struck for pay increases marched in a body to the Regional Labor Board of New York and produced pay envelopes showing that each received exactly $12.80 a week — no more, no less. The foreman alone was more highly paid, and he received the magnificent sum of $15 a week. Formerly some had earned as much as $18 to $20.

Perhaps because I once worked on a gluing machine in a paper-box factory, I feel great sympathy with Mary G., who worked for 6 years on such a machine and to-day earns the minimum code wage, $13 a week. It is a disagreeable job; the odor of hot glue in large quantity is unpleasant, and seeing that the paper rolls evenly and that the glue is maintained at the right consistency is quite a trick. Rose P., after 14 years, was making only $14 a week and in addition acting as forewoman. Peter C. worked for 3 months on the automatic feeder of the gluing machine, and was paid $10 a week. A long list of similarly low wages in this same factory was produced as evidence at a hearing before the Regional Labor Board. The workers had struck in protest. The employer's sole defense was, "I didn't know some of them were getting such low wages." When the crowded roomful of strikers was asked how many were getting more than the minimum rates provided in the code, only 2 raised their hands. The employer continued: "I provide for the code, and my consideration of some people's experience may be different. Some girls working there 10 years can't do as well as girls working there 6 months." Yet it was proved that only 2 girls out of over 100, irrespective of their lengths of service and experience, were getting more than the legal minimum, and some were paid less. Twenty men in the same shop — some with families to support — were receiving less than $15 a week, while their lengths of service with this employer ran as high as 8 years.

In many similar cases the plaintive defense of the employers is all too familiar, "My workers should not have struck — I am paying code wages." When one considers that most of the codes provide for a minimum of $12 to $14 a week, one cannot feel that the employer who is paying these miserable "code wages" and not one cent more is entitled to any great sympathy, let alone commendation because he stops short of violating the code.

III

AMONG THE favorite devices for reducing the total payroll is use of "learners," for whom the codes allow employment, for a limited period of time, at 80 per cent of the minimum rate. A fundamental defect of the NRA has been its unrealistic concept of modern industry. Aside from the economic wisdom or social justice of fixing a minimum and then legalizing a less-than-minimum rate, the learning periods in the codes too often bear no rela-

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tion to the amount of time actually required to learn the operations involved. Everything is so mechanized to-day that there is generally no need for a "learning" period. Training classes in the well-run factory have reduced the period required for gaining familiarity with the operations in many instances to a few hours, at most to several days. Yet to save a few pennies employers have been allowed by the NRA to foist unnecessary or needlessly long training periods upon their workers. Employers have taken a further undue advantage of this allowance by discharging learners at the end of the 6-week or 3-month NRA training period, replacing them by another batch of learners. To use such means to reduce all earnings to the code minimum may be legal, but it certainly does not help recovery; such employers should be regarded with the same disfavor as the chiselers who boldly pay less than even the minimum rate.

The code for candy manufacture demonstrates clearly how unnecessary a training period actually is. The National Consumers' League for 5 years prior to 1923 maintained an agreement with over 100 nationally known manufacturers, whereby a $14 minimum wage was paid to the least skilled workers. At the time of making up the White List through which the Consumers' League gave publicity to these manufacturers, the latter conceded that no training period was required in this industry. Yet despite this practical demonstration by the Consumers' League, which was fully explained to the government when the confectioners' code was promulgated, a 6-week training period at 80 per cent of the minimum wage was allowed in this industry. Work is sufficiently seasonal so that unskilled workers are normally discharged about the end of the 6 weeks, and there is no way of accrediting them with this experience when they re-apply for employment at another peak period. Thus the NRA has actually standardized as the minimum not the nominal $13 minimum wage but the $10.40 learners' rate.

While the codes have gone into great detail in the matter of unfair trade practices, such as prohibiting sales at less than cost, prohibiting discounts, penalizing false bills of lading, and so forth, the many ways of cheating on payrolls are not enumerated. Pay deductions and holding back wages are forms of exploitation persisting to-day in spite of the NRA. Strike action has succeeded in abolishing these abuses in a number of cases.

One hundred twenty employees of a pocketbook-frame manufacturer went out on strike when, after waiting weeks to be paid, their checks came back from the bank marked "insufficient funds." The firm bid for business at a prohibitively low rate, then told the workers, "We have an order which will give you 6 weeks' work but we had to quote so low a price that you will have to take $6 a week." The starving and frightened workers — unorganized — accepted. Weeks went by; they were not paid. The employer explained that he could not pay them until he had been paid for the work they were doing. After weeks of unpaid labor the bad checks caused the final explosion which resulted in putting this firm out of business. It may be pointed out that the workers lost their jobs — but what of it? Six dollars a week is not even a subsistence wage, and the continued existence of such an employer threatened the life of every other employer in that line. We should not be sentimental about those who can stay in business only because they undercut on prices and on wages and withhold pay.

In a nearby state, in a city which is the center of hat manufacturing, we have found this principle in its most virulent form. The majority of the shops require the workers to finance the industry through the common practice of withholding the entire season's pay until the manufacturers are paid. The code itself sanctions withholding one week's pay. Has an employer any right to enter business when he lacks capital for even the first week's payroll?

We have found such hand-to-mouth practice in laundries, too. Records of the Regional Labor Board show that in several large laundries during April of this year the workers were not paid in full on any one day of each week but were given $2 or $3 at a time, as the money came in from customers. A strike and prompt action by the government corrected these conditions. In these particular cases it was found that, in addition to failure to meet their obligations to the workers, the employers owed the City of New York many thousands

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of dollars in water taxes. Confronted with the City's action in cutting off the water, the employers paid up not only taxes but back wages. Employers can generally find the money to meet their bills when forced to do so.

Recently a group of strikers in a stormy meeting accused their employer before the Regional Labor Board of holding out $2 a week from each pay envelope, thereby reducing the amount of cash paid to less than the code minimum. The employer's payroll record showed the full amount of NRA wages paid, but the workers brought in unopened envelopes which showed a shortage of $2 in each case. The employer's explanation was that every "loyal" employee who was still in the factory at the end of a year and had taken no part in a strike would receive a "bonus" of $104, the amount thus accumulated during 52 weeks of these illegal pay deductions.

The NRA codes have in some cases invited pay deductions which had never before been made. A restaurant business operating many establishments, allowed under the code to deduct for meals, discovered that this was a brand new way of lowering wages. Although it had never before charged for meals, this firm instituted the custom at once, deducting meal charges (not costs, but the legal allowance of the code) from the wages of even those waitresses engaged for the two and one half hours of the daily noontime rush. This was done despite the stipulation in the code that such deductions might be made only if the employer had made them prior to the NRA. This company also required uniforms to be laundered in the company laundry at a charge which represented a profit to the firm. There was not much left to go in the pay envelope.

IV

Not all strikes have been caused by code provisions, however. Generally bad working conditions have been the issue in certain strikes before the Regional Labor Board.

With real justification, workers in a stove factory walked out. They demanded guards on their machines after one worker had lost 8 fingers, another had lost an arm, and other major industrial accidents had occurred. We found that the State Labor Department had ordered a guard on the machine on which the first accident had occurred. But because the guard slowed up production the employer had it removed immediately after the check-up by the inspector. The Regional Labor Board found on inquiry from the State Labor Department that this employer had a very bad record of accidents, and had been cited a number of times for unguarded machinery. His rate of payment into the State Workmen's Compensation Fund had therefore been materially increased. But the records of the Labor Department showed violations of state laws for every year that this firm had been in business. Even this year, under the NRA, it had been prosecuted for and convicted of employing child labor and employing women 7 days a week. A fine by the court was no deterrent, so the workers struck.

Sheer desperation at the circumstances of their lives led scow captains in New York Harbor to revolt last spring. I shall never forget the big Negro captain who faced his employer in my office and menacingly declared, "You've got to settle this strike. We've been hungry. I am hungry and if I get any hungrier I won't stop short of killing you. If you can afford a beautiful office and a good home, you can afford to pay your men enough so they won't have to go to garbage cans for their food." This Negro's home and those of 500 other scow captains is a mattress spread out at night on top of a load of lumber, gravel, or pig iron. His hours are 24 a day, his wages are $30 a month, or $1 a day, for which he "trims" the load and cleans and sweeps the scow free from gravel in preparation for the load of lumber.

Not all strikes have such elemental things at stake, of course. There was the strike of fashion artists whose salaries ranged from $100 to $250 a week and even higher in the peak of the season, the average yearly income being $4,000. They struck for a closed-shop contract and pay increases. Many of them lived in fashionable quarters. Their "social standing" was such that they could not appear on the picket line in person. They hired pickets. The first day, the latter struck for 50 cents more to add to their day's wage of $2.50!

Despite the efforts of the NRA to safeguard workers against a reduction in earnings accompanying the reduction in hours required in the codes, this has not generally been accom-

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plished. Most codes require an employer to make an adjustment in the hourly rate so as to maintain the same weekly earnings when the hours are reduced, but this is generally limited to not more than a 20-per-cent increase in the hourly rate — which sounds pretty steep to the employer who must meet the payroll, I agree. However, it does not work out as intended where hours prior to the NRA were excessive or where the wage rates in 1929 were extremely low. A few illustrations will serve to demonstrate the failure of this attempt to preserve intact the weekly income.

A nationally known manufacturer of ornamental bronze and iron work was forced by a strike to grant an increase in wages. The workers showed that in 1928 earnings had been as low as $25 for highly skilled workers and that hours had often been as long as 80 a week. Even though this employer raised the hourly rate by 20 per cent, when he cut the hours in half there was a great gap between the amount earned under the NRA and the amount formerly earned. The strike was waged with unusual vigor because this employer had, by cutting prices, forced most of his competitors into bankruptcy and to-day has control of the vast majority of business in his line. The workers reasoned that if the firm had sufficient capital to wage a price war it could well afford to maintain the workers' incomes as during the former unwarrantably long work week, even though hours were reduced in conformity with NRA standards.

The very wording of some of the codes reveals that even at the peak of prosperity wages were none too high in many industries. Take, for example, electrical manufacture. The code prescribed a minimum of 40 cents an hour, except in plants which in 1929 were paying less for a similar type of work, in which case the NRA minimum is 32 cents. Out of 17 strikes in plants manufacturing electrical equipment, every employer has been able to prove that payment of 32 cents an hour to-day is not a violation of the code, because in 1929 he was paying less than 40 cents.

V

GREAT CONFUSION has been caused by the senseless overlapping of industrial codes. Selfish interests were allowed by the Administration to insist on entirely unnecessary duplication of codes, with the result that a paper-box manufacturer, a large part of whose work is printing, may legally pay less than the prevailing rate of wages for printers to employees who do his printing operations. Deputy administrators failed to fix rates commensurate with the work performed. Printers employed in industries subject to the graphic-arts code receive as much as $48 a week, while the same men, if employed by a manufacturer of envelopes, may receive as little as $22 or even less. Therefore there has been a mad scramble to get separate codes for each little industry. Manufacturers of lamp sprockets, for example, are not under the electrical code but have their own.

This confusion and complexity has caused many strikes. One of the largest employers engaged in gelatine printing for the motion-picture industry claimed to be operating under the motion-picture-laboratory code. Nevertheless he employed a considerable number of men in the printing of posters displayed in the lobbies of moving-picture theaters. His workers claimed that this part of their labor should be paid for at the scale of wages in the graphic-arts code, as it was printing pure and simple, as was also the large volume of commercial relief printing done by this firm in competition with others. For 19 weeks these workers struck to enforce compliance with the graphic-arts wage scale, and because of the fight put up by the printing unions this employer was forced to grant substantial pay increases. More knowledge of industrial processes among officials of the NRA at Washington, in this and other industries, and more adequate representation by labor would have shown clearly the fallacy of many of these overlapping codes and would have prevented much needless loss of time through strikes.

That the NRA has accomplished a substantial reduction in work hours is seen in many of the strike settlements negotiated by the New York Regional Labor Board. Almost universally the workers admit that their hours are considerably less. But their testimony shows also how inhumanly long these hours were, in many instances, prior to the advent of the NRA. Despite the present shorter hours demands for a further reduction are frequent, simply because work hours have been unduly

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extended during the depression and the present cuts, in many cases, still fail to bring the hours within the maximum limits set by the NRA.

Every cut in hours unquestionably aids employment, while NRA requirements of overtime pay at an increased rate, whenever an emergency necessitates extra hours, still further tends to aid employment. Most of the codes provide for a normal 40-hour week but offer exceptions to allow for seasonal peaks. Unfortunately many of them have permitted the averaging of hours over a 6-week or 4-month period, or even over a 6-month period. In such codes, not only are the requirements for overtime pay voided, but the permission to average hours too frequently renders it unnecessary to employ any additional workers. Also every such exception to a maximum work week invites abuse by unscrupulous employers and has been the cause of many strikes. While a certain amount of flexibility in hours is required, the degree of flexibility granted in the codes too often nullifies the essential effort to control the length of the work week.

Where workers have not had the courage to strike or even to complain about illegal overtime or the failure to give extra compensation for the overtime, we have no way of knowing the extent of violations of the hour provisions of the codes. The hazard of discharge is too great for the individual worker to meet. Despite the President's executive order of May 15, which imposes severe penalties on the employer who thus discharges a complainant to the NRA, the Regional Labor Board records show that over 5,000 such individuals who notified the NRA of violations have been discharged in the New York area alone. Although over 3,500 have since been reinstated, it was almost always after some weeks of unemployment. Never have we been able to carry such a case to the limit of penalties as authorized by the executive order, because it is all too easy for an employer to find specious and plausible reasons for any discharge. It is by strikes, therefore, rather than by individual complaint that the most effective solutions for non-compliance with codes have been secured. The number of strikes in which hours and overtime pay have been major issues leads me to believe that failure to meet these standards has been more widespread than we imagine and has unwarrantably impeded re-employment.

VI

The bogey of union recognition is in the forefront of public consciousness to-day. News dispatches have stressed the idea that most of the strikes have been for union recognition. To a large extent this is true, but we should look below the surface to see why recognition of their unions is so important to the workers. It is also a protection to employers, as will be pointed out later.

The mass of unemployed, through their potential competition with the employed, exerts a pressure which tends to break down standards. Unorganized workers who are employed involuntarily exert the same kind of pressure in a shop where only part of the workers is organized. Child labor has been fought on economic grounds because of its effect in lowering the standards for employment of adult workers. Unorganized workers, unless checked by active unionization, compete with the organized workers and undercut the price of labor in exactly the same way that uncontrolled competition among employers destroys price standards and ultimately the market for goods.

A perfect illustration of what happens to the workers where there is no concerted action is to be seen in the strike of employees of a long established and venerable lighting-fixture factory. Prior to the formation of a union these workers were forced to sign individual contracts in blank, the wage rate being written in by the employer afterwards. The employer's admission of the purpose of these contracts states, "We want to be able to prevent the workers from entering the employ of our competitors."

A strike in a factory making a nationally known food product illustrates well the problem of both employer and employee where a closed shop is the issue. Four out of 2,000 employees refused to join the union. The organized workers stated frankly, "They must join or be fired. In a few weeks we shall have no union left, because even now they are telling the other workers, 'Why do you keep on paying union dues? We got a wage increase the same

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as you did after the strike'." On the other hand the employer wanted a contract's protection from too quickly recurring demands for wage increases.

The threat to maintenance of an agreed wage scale and other working conditions is very real where part of a group is organized and the remainder of the employees are subject to individual agreements with the management. We have too often seen wages lowered where the workers failed to secure a closed-shop agreement. I have in mind a slipper factory which a year ago was two thirds organized. The employer refused to make an agreement on wage rates for the entire shop. To-day wages have been cut twice. Gradually the union workers have been weeded out, as the slack season came on, to be replaced by non-union workers with the new busy season.

Before condemning outright the demands made for union recognition we should weigh carefully the merits of their case against the contention by employers that workers in wholly unionized shops become autocratic and exert an unfair pressure on the management. There is no doubt that this contention by industry can be sustained in many cases, but we should not ignore the fact that the form of our industrial society has always given the preponderance of strength to employers and that the balance of power is still in their hands.

VII

After a year of intensive experience with the NRA it is abundantly clear to me that there are two fundamental ways in which codification of industry can be made to succeed: one is by administrative techniques written into the codes themselves, and the other is through the policing of industry by organized labor. These administrative techniques would prohibit such present devices as averaging of hours, which makes it impossible to check observance of the maximum-hour provisions of the codes. They would eliminate employment of learners at less than the so-called minimum-wage rate. They would cover all labor by removing the present exemptions for watchmen and other special classes from protection of the code standards. The inclusion of differential wage scales, too, would go far toward correcting some of the abuses discussed herein. We have seen that the codes as now written offer a positive invitation to the insincere employer to evade their requirements and to break down standards that have been built up piecemeal through years of effort on the part of both management and labor. The correction of abuses through the collective action of the workers shown throughout the work of the Regional Labor Board is a sufficient demonstration of the value to recovery of the policing of industry by labor.

While I recognize that the strikes of which I have personal knowledge have perhaps given me a jaundiced viewpoint, it is significant that in the most concentrated industrial territory in the country the vast majority of strikes has been caused by valid grievances and has consisted in legitimate attempts by labor to improve living standards. Not all employers spend their evenings thinking up ways to beat the codes. That I know! Neither has labor always found that wise and constructive leadership which is to be desired. But it is nevertheless true that the codes themselves are very faulty.

The most dangerous trend is the squeezing toward the middle on wages. True it is that the bottom levels have been raised, but this increase, while materially improving the condition of the 16-year-old boy entering industry, has often had terrible results for the father of a family, who must support all his dependents at the beginner's wage.

Whether a national minimum-wage scale can be made to operate properly is still to be seen. I think it can be, if checks are introduced to prevent a general lowering of all wages, regardless of skill and experience.

We cannot go backward. We must profit by our mistakes. There are disinterested technical experts, who are the tools of neither employers nor labor, who must be brought to the forefront in the government administration and supervision of codes. Too much reliance has been placed on the ability of industry to govern itself, with the result that codes have been selfishly drawn with an eye toward pleasing selfish and dominant employer interests. A dispassionate and intelligent study of our mistakes will point the way toward achieving our goal. President Roosevelt's aims are high. They can be translated into realities by an unafraid reorganization of the NRA.

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The Gates of Paradise: A Parable

BY MARY M. COLUM

MANES IN HIS searchings came once to a place on a highway where he saw a bronze gate; he knew it was the Gate of Paradise and he trembled with joy and humility at beholding it. Though deep in his soul he knew that the Gate would remain closed against him, he tried mightily to press it open — not that he willed to do so but that he had no power to withstand the emotion which filled him. He tried to open the Gate; he beat his hands against it; he strained his body against it. At length a voice from behind that immovable Bronze called to him by name and said, "Manes, depart: the Gate will not open for you; go on your way."

And he passed on his way mournfully, because the Gate of Paradise was shut against him, but as he journeyed on he came to know that, if he were not one of the chosen ones for whom the Gate opened, at least he was one of the few who had ever seen its portals. And because he had seen it and beat hardly against it until he bled he grew strong and powerful, for in seeing that closed Gate he had tasted the ultimate misery and had known the ultimate darkness of the soul. So it came that he never again desired Paradise or dreaded Hell. And long afterwards he asked one whom he believed knew, "What is Paradise like?" And this one answered, "There is no Paradise; there is only a road past the Gate, and they alone are the chosen who, beating in vain at the Gate, do not lose courage but pass on their way."

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THE BOGEY OF WAR IN THE AIR

BY JOHN EDWIN HOGG*

EVERY IMPORTANT military gain of world history has been based upon the principle of taking an objective, holding it, and denying its use to the enemy. It is the doughboy with a rifle and a bayonet who holds the trench after a military objective has been gained. Every other act of war is merely preliminary to that end. In naval warfare success hinges upon the use of a maritime fighting force capable of going into the vital areas, occupying them, and keeping the enemy out. No hit-and-run tactics can ever hope to gain a more than temporary advantage.

In the light of such well-known military facts it seems incredible that the rapid development of aviation in recent years should have produced a grotesque coterie of writers and editors who have subscribed to the unproved theory that the airplane is a substitute for every other weapon of war.

It is readily apparent that the average citizen is not sold upon the idea that the airplane is a safe and reliable vehicle for even his own use as a passenger. He is probably one, of the vast majority, who prefers to do his flying with one foot upon the ground. Yet all too often he seems to possess the imagination of a child when he is told that the vital and intricate problems of national defense may be safely entrusted to an army and navy of aircraft.

If we are to believe these propagandists the airplane is certainly a most remarkable vehicle. It is immune from damage or destruction by deadly new anti-aircraft weapons. It is capable of carrying steamship loads of fighting equipment impossible distances for the performance of every imaginable military mission. The law of gravity seems to have gone the route of the noble experiment. Many kinds of weather in which no aircraft may leave the ground have ceased to exist. Cities — entire nations — are to be "wiped out" in any future war by deluges of bombs and poison gas delivered from the sky like rain. Impotent military forces will burrow into the ground like chipmunks fleeing the swoop of a hawk. Steel battleships, built to take the punishment of the most powerful naval weapons until they are literally ripped to pieces and to sink with their guns still in action, have suddenly become as vulnerable to aerial bombing as soap bubbles and are to be hidden away in remote inland harbors in time of war.

*EDITOR'S NOTE: — The author is a lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve, but the views and opinions expressed in this article are his own, and should not be construed as reflecting the official views or opinions of the United States Navy Department.

II

IT SHOULD BE remembered that aviation reached a fairly high stage of development during the World War in ample time to have its military prowess thoroughly tested. Yet it is a matter of record that during the whole four years of that titanic struggle aircraft razed no city, sank or seriously damaged no battleship, and failed miserably in every attempt to gas or bomb an enemy out of a military position.

In considering the widely heralded performances of modern aircraft there seems to be a tendency to forget that aircraft of the World War period were capable of carrying out practically every military mission that might be possible for the aircraft of to-day. The World War Zeppelins used in numerous bombing raids over London and Paris carried *ten times* the load of bombs that the best modern airplane can lift off the ground. World War bombing planes such as the German Gothas, French Caudrons, and British Handley-Pages carried two tons, or approximately the capacity load of the best modern bomber. These aircraft

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worked with bombs loaded with trinitrotoluol (TNT), as powerful as any explosive known to-day, and with poison gas more deadly than anything developed since the war. They operated against objectives unprotected by modern anti-aircraft weapons, the development of which has in recent years gone far ahead of any improvement in aircraft. Why then, did such aircraft fail to accomplish any of the wholesale destruction now being so nonchalantly predicted for military aircraft of the present and future?

We need not look far for the answer. The airplane of to-day is somewhat improved over its World War ancestor, but it still retains every inherent military limitation it possessed in 1917. It can fly faster, higher, and farther. It is considerably more reliable. But regardless of every improvement it is a fragile, highly-vulnerable vehicle and cannot be armored. It has a fire hazard that contributes toward easy destruction, often by a single incendiary bullet, or by hits by shrapnel or fragments of high-explosive shells. It cannot operate in all weather. The machine gun is the most effective defensive weapon it is capable of carrying. It cannot stand still in the air. It cannot rise vertically. Its cruising range and carrying capacity are negligible compared with army supply trains on the ground or battle fleets on the seas. Its offensive sting is gone once it has flown to the limit of its striking range to deliver a load of bombs weighing less than three shells for a sixteen-inch naval gun. In a military sense it is a weapon of opportunity offering under the most favorable conditions only a limited method of hit-and-run fighting. It can take nothing. It can hold nothing. *It cannot stand its ground and fight!* Aside from these paramount military considerations it is a perfect substitute for every other weapon of war.

III

If the German air raids over London and Paris during the World War proved anything it was that attempting to win a war by attacking civil populations is about as effective as going after a swarm of bees with a fly swatter. The objective of every war is the subjugation of military forces, and any act that deviates from the attainment of that goal is largely a waste of personnel and precious war materials. Despite the fact that London and Paris were bombed repeatedly, first by the German Zeppelins and later by the great Gotha bombers, these cities were far from wiped out when the war ended. All the German air raids combined, during the whole four years of the war, accomplished the destruction of only a paltry $5,000,000 worth of Allied property. They took the lives of 670 civilians, or about the same number as are eliminated in London traffic accidents each year. For the doubtful privilege of killing this number of Allied civilians — many of them elderly persons, women, and children — Germany sacrificed 486 of her finest, trained airmen, who were shot down by French or British airplanes or anti-aircraft gunfire. This colossal stupidity on the part of the German military leaders cost tens of millions of dollars, consumed enormous war energy and priceless war materials. Far from gaining any military advantage the promiscuous bombing of civilians was oil-soaked tinder piled upon the flames of Allied war wrath and stimulated both recruiting and war efforts against Germany.

Had anti-aircraft weapons of the present-day type existed during the World War the first German air raid over London would undoubtedly have been the last. The first such weapons born of World War necessity were the crudest of contraptions. Their marksmanship was notorious. Improvement, however, was very rapid, and toward the end of the war it was the once despised "Archies" rather than the attacks of fighting airplanes that virtually put an end to the air raids over London and Paris. Relatively inefficient as anti-aircraft gunnery was in 1918, it put many a German Gotha out of business and forced the others to operate at such altitudes that bombs had to be dropped *not at military targets* but indiscriminately at the great, sprawling cities of London and Paris.

The modern five-inch anti-aircraft gun handling high-explosive shells bears about as much resemblance to its World War prototype as a 1935 motor car compared with the unreliable old "klunker" of 1900. It is equipped with range finders and fire directors that instantly and with mathematical accuracy perform feats of gun pointing and fuse setting that are black magic to the average human mind. The

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rapidity with which these weapons may be operated is amazing. Unfortunately for the purposes of this article most of the details of anti-aircraft gunnery are confidential to our government. It may be said, however, no aviator of sound mentality who has seen these guns in operation even entertains the thought that he is going to fly over an enemy anti-aircraft battery in time of war and live to tell the tale. The airplane has yet to be built that can fly through overlapping high explosive barrages. It should also be remembered that the best bombing plane of to-day can carry only about two bombs of sufficient size to be any sort of a threat to a modern battleship; but the battleship easily carries ample ammunition to sustain its anti-aircraft batteries almost indefinitely.

Several years ago the development of bombing planes built to dive at an intended target at a speed of about 300 miles per hour was hailed with great glee by the aviation-propaganda scribes. This challenge was answered almost immediately by the creation of deadly new anti-aircraft machine guns. Again we are dealing with a weapon that is highly confidential to our War Department. But it may be said that these terrible weapons "squirt" veritable streams of heavy bullets almost like water from the nozzle of a hose. They have an effective range of about five miles and will pierce a quarter of an inch of armor plate at that distance. Every modern battleship and cruiser is now equipped with nests of these guns in addition to the usual five-inch anti-aircraft guns that can litter the sky with flying fragments of high explosive shells. Any aviator who has any stomach for dive-bombing operations over an enemy battle fleet or military position will have to thumb his nose at a potential inverted hailstorm of anti-aircraft machine-gun bullets. All this, of course, if we assume that he lives after flying through fleets of fighting airplanes and the high explosive barrages of anti-aircraft batteries.

IV

VARIOUS PROPAGANDA writers are forever harping upon the horrors of bombing operations from altitudes above the range of modern anti-aircraft batteries. There is no such altitude for a heavily loaded bomber; and, if there were, the small, fast, highly maneuverable combat plane that can outfly anything else on wings would still be up there to challenge its offensives. Moreover, no bombing operation can be of the slightest military value unless the attacking aviator is able clearly to see his intended target. Just how an aviator is going to maneuver a bombing plane into any position favorable for bomb dropping without exposing himself to the attacks of enemy fighting planes, anti-aircraft barrages, and anti-aircraft machine-gun fire is a point that no propaganda writer has yet made clear.

"Bomb" has been propagandized into a shudder-word by the fact-dodging contributors to the new aviation literature. All the destruction of future wars — so they tell us — is to be the work of bombs, never of shells. The fact that it is very difficult to hit any definite target with a bomb dropped from aircraft and relatively easy to be accurate with a shell is never taken into consideration. Military experts, however, know very definitely that, with all the modern mechanical aids to aerial bomb dropping, the aviator who can hit a stationary target 100 feet square from any altitude above 4,000 feet is a remarkable expert. And if the target is a moving one, such as a ship, which is capable of sudden alterations of both its speed and course, hitting it with a bomb dropped from a conveniently low altitude is next to impossible.

But even if it were possible to hit with bombs with the accuracy of artillery the destructive force of a bomb compared with that of a shell is another part of the story. A bomb has only the force of gravity to carry it toward an intended target, and, regardless of the altitude from which it is dropped, air friction overcomes gravity to such an extent that the maximum speed gained in falling is only about 300 miles per hour. This means that a bomb has little or no power of penetration. It falls, strikes, and explodes like a grain of popcorn on a hot stove. It can produce nothing but an *external, surface explosion* that is largely wasted in the air.

A shell, on the other hand, is fired from a piece of artillery at a speed of 3,000 feet per second, and there isn't much guesswork about hitting any target the size of an average ship at any range up to 38,000 yards (roughly 25 land miles). Because of its tremendous velocity the

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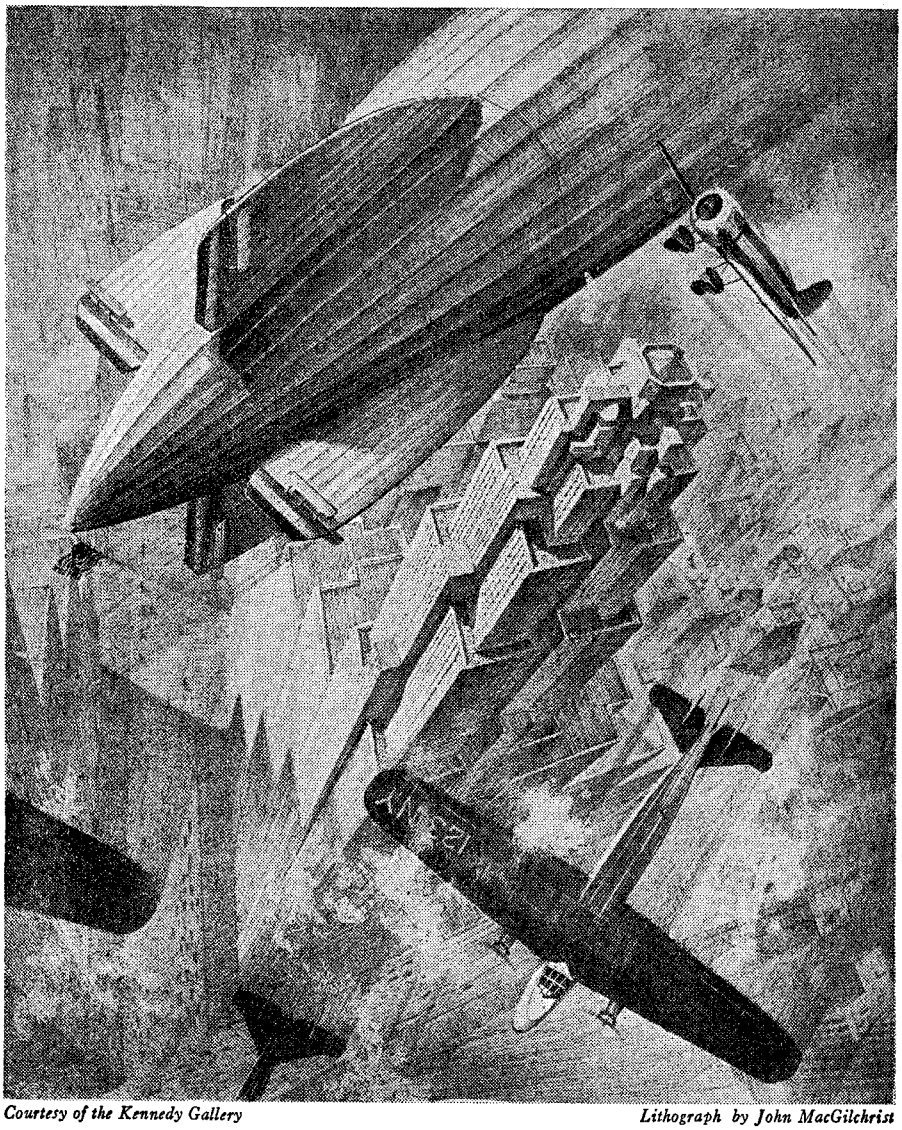

Courtesy of the Kennedy Gallery — *Lithograph by John MacGilchrist*

shell has the power to drill through heavy armor plate or re-enforced concrete walls. A delayed-action fuse explodes it *after* it has done its penetrating. It produces a *shattering, internal explosion* — with results that are never in doubt. A bomb and a shell may weigh exactly the same and carry identical charges of high explosive, yet the destructive force of the bomb is only a fraction of that of the shell.

It has been repeatedly demonstrated that the largest aerial bombs exploding upon or near modern concrete and steel structures will do only local damage. Such structures can be shattered or collapsed only by the most persistent bombing with the largest bombs any aircraft is capable of carrying. It has also been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the world's leading naval authorities that the most powerful aerial bombs exploding upon the armored decks of modern battleships are dangerous to paintwork and superstructure but are not likely to put such ships out of commission.

The only warships ever seriously damaged or destroyed by aerial bombing were some obsolete old hulks contributed by the United States Navy for a series of tests. These tests were made upon motionless, undefended vessels — naval relics with none of the structural strength and armored decks of modern fighting ships. Flying at various convenient altitudes and with no enemy opposition, army aviators rained bombs upon and around these old packets until they were literally blasted to pieces. Even then, one of these "dead" targets defied four consecutive days of bombing and refused to sink until it was finished off by gunfire. Had these tests been conducted upon modern vessels cruising at full speed upon zigzag courses and defended by fighting airplanes and present-day anti-aircraft weapons, it is highly improbable that a single bomb could have been landed anywhere near them.

V

THE WHOLESALE gassing of military forces and civil populations by aircraft is another war-horror myth badly overworked by propagandists and pacifists in defiance of the laws of physics. There is no poison gas more deadly than those developed during the World War, although we now have gas masks that nullify all of them. But, even if there were no gas masks, it takes unbelievable quantities of gas very evenly distributed to build up a sufficient concentration to be dangerous over a very limited area. This is especially true in

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naval warfare, where ocean breezes, the size of the ocean, gas masks, and the development of gas filters in the ventilating systems of modern warships mitigate against the effectiveness of chemical warfare.

If we may accept the figures of the United States Chemical Warfare Service, it takes 300 pounds of phosgene very evenly distributed effectively to gas an area of 100 square yards. To "wipe out" a city the size of New York, a military enemy would have to pick a day of perfect visibility, with no wind, and put down 28,000,000 pounds of phosgene. To accomplish this little job he would have to have 14,000 bombing planes with gas-spreading equipment. And to bring these planes within striking distance of our shores he would have to have 286 airplane carriers such as the U. S. S. *Lexington*, with a proportionate convoy of battleships and cruisers. And the military defeat of the United States would by no means be accomplished with the destruction of New York.

Japan is said to have a military air service probably second only to that of France. Yet the part played by her airplanes in the recent Japanese aggression against China did not remotely approach any of the wild predictions so frequently heard from certain editorial offices. The Japanese airmen did accomplish many of the recognized functions of military and naval aviation, such as scouting, intelligence work, and the like; but even these activities were often hampered or completely frustrated by the fighting efficiency of Chinese aviators. Bombing operations accomplished nothing of greater military importance than the indiscriminate slaughter of a few hundred harmless Chinese coolies, who were blown to rags in the ramshackle Chapei section of Shanghai. In one instance during the fighting at Shanghai 6,000 pounds of Japanese bombs were dropped in an effort to dislodge a group of Chinese snipers on top of an old wooden observation tower. The bombs hit everything on the surrounding landscape without touching the tower. When the aviators had squandered all their bombs the tower wasn't even cracked, and the grinning Chinese snipers were still in action.

The argument is constantly heard that a thousand bombing planes may be built for the cost of a single battleship. It is true. But here the truth is prostituted for purposes of deception. No mention is ever made of the fact that it would take 5,000 of the best modern bombers to carry a bomb load equivalent to the weight of shells in the magazines of a battleship such as the U. S. S. *Colorado* — and then only for a little hop of about 500 miles from a land or floating base. Multiply this by fifteen, and we discover that 75,000 bombers would be necessary to lift a load of bombs equal to the weight of shells in the magazines of the capital ships of the United States Navy.

Airplane carriers, moreover, are among the most vulnerable of naval vessels; so vulnerable, in fact, that no navy has ever considered their use without the armed convoy of a battle fleet. A well-armed carrier would be nothing more nor less than a battleship with flying decks — a ship that cannot be built for the same physical reasons that we cannot armor an airplane or fly away with a sixty-ton naval gun mounted on the turtleback of a bomber. A navy of airplanes and carriers would be useless for the performance of any recognized mission at sea. It would last no longer than it would take an enemy battle fleet to find it. Any of our airplanes that might remain in the air after the carriers were sunk would meet the fate of so many quail liberated in mid-ocean from a submarine.

"Airplanes will win the next war," exclaim the aviation enthusiasts. Indirectly, the statement is true, but not in the way the average citizen is wont to think of it. Aviation is the eyes of a modern army or navy, and the side that goes into battle with an inferior air service will soon be fighting blind. The next great naval battle, if it ever happens, will begin in the air when hostile fighting ships are probably 200 or 500 miles apart. The side that can win the preliminary air battle with even fifty per cent of its air forces intact will be top dog in the sea fight to follow. The tremendous ranges of modern naval guns (anything up to 38,000 yards) are wholly dependent upon the aerial spotting of shellfire upon the targets. This means that the side which loses the aerial prologue will be virtually at the mercy of the opposing battle fleet. The fleet that wins the battle in the air will be able to stand off at maximum gun ranges, pouring shells upon enemy ships unable to run away or return the fire effectively.

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THE FRENCH, THEY ARE A FUNNY RACE!

BY GEORGE F. HAVELL

"DO YOU THINK that France will get through the winter without any more riots?"

There are only two answers to that question, which I have put many times to Frenchmen during the past month. One is an emphatic "No!" The other is a Gallic shrug, a quick lift of the eyebrows, and "I hope so" — meaning, "but I doubt it very much!"

The rôle of prophet is not for me. I am repeating here what others have told me: journalists, lawyers, government officials, taxi drivers, politicians, business men, diplomats, Americans-in-France, waiters, a member of the Cabinet, and the boy who polishes the brass in my Paris hotel. Something is going to happen in France. Just what or when or how nobody knows. Meanwhile, with the French genius for doing the practical thing, the circular cast-iron gratings which surround the bases of trees have been removed at certain strategic points in Paris. These gratings, torn up and dashed upon the pavement, shatter into small pieces which are swell to throw at people you don't like.

Paradoxically enough, iron (and lead) flew through the air last February because respectable citizens were determined to uphold the cause of law and order. Outraged at the callous behavior of the Deputies in the Stavisky and Prince affairs, they gathered at the Chamber with the firm intention of throwing its members into the Seine. But the demonstration which started with such a laudable purpose degenerated into a free-for-all. The communists came in from the east end of Paris and the suburbs to whoop it up, and the rats of the Paris underworld came out to pillage. Both these groups committed the serious error of making passes at the police. Paris policemen are courteous and patient even in the face of extreme irritation. I am told by those who ought to know that, while it is safe enough to call them names, it is decidedly unwise to hit them or shoot at them. For then they become tough and whack their white clubs over the nearest skulls, and they shoot back. Those clubs are scientifically designed to break before the skulls on which they descend give way. A great many clubs were broken on the night of February 7.

Make no mistake about it: the disorders of February 6 and 7 were no revolution but good, old-fashioned riots. There was a revolutionary by-product, and historians may some time decide that the episode marked the end of the Third Republic and the beginning of the Fourth. The power of the Chamber of Deputies cracked and gave way to public opinion.

The Chamber is a politically irresponsible body. Cabinets rise and fall as the price of political horse trading. A vote of "no confidence" and the consequent fall of a government do not involve the dissolution of the Chamber.

There is a depression in France, no easier to endure because it arrived a little later than it did elsewhere. French agriculture is in a bad way; the cost of living is high; wages are low; and there is serious unemployment. The middle classes feel that they are being squeezed between predatory capital on the one hand and predatory labor on the other.

The run-of-the-mill voter in France takes about as little real interest in politics as his American counterpart. There is this difference; when a Frenchman has his pocket picked he is seized with a burning desire to catch the thief and inflict summary vengeance upon his person. He has known all along that his government was inefficient, and that annoyed him. The Prince affair, following close upon the miserable Stavisky business, gave him the idea that his government was also corrupt. His pocket was being picked, and that enraged him. He proceeded to do something about it forthwith.

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Came the riots. "Papa Gaston" Doumergue emerged from rural retirement; the political truce was hastily patched up; and before the frightened Deputies went home for a much needed vacation they voted the Doumergue government almost Rooseveltian powers.

The political parties which are represented in the Chamber are falling to pieces. Originally parties of protest, they no longer represent much of anything or anybody, except the politicians who fatten upon them. They are run by old men who cling to issues that are dead. France is governed by old men, much to the annoyance of young males who have political aspirations. Early in the present year a group of young Frenchmen, representing almost all shades of opinion, pooled their ideas and issued a stimulating, if somewhat idealistic, pamphlet entitled *The Plan of July 9th*. It is a program of political, social, and economic reform for France which embodies many of the ideas — good and not so good — that are agitating reformers the world over. For example: a more equitable distribution of wealth, substitution of the concept of social service for the profit motive. Young men in France are revitalizing the French political picture. But they are working through the extra-parliamentary bodies — not through the old parties.

II

THE EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY groups range from the Royalists, who desire a restoration of the monarchy, on the right, to the Young Communists, on the left. There is a small and unimportant fascist group, complete with shirts. There are several organizations of war veterans, some right, others left. The organization which is most likely to make itself felt in the event of any further political upheaval is the Croix de Feu et Volantaires Nationaux, a war-veteran group, led by one Colonel de la Rocque, late of the French regular army.

De la Rocque had a shining record in the army. He saw active service in Morocco before the World War, and he was severely wounded in action on the western front in France. He was cited no less than eleven times, and he is a Commander of the Legion of Honor. At various times he was aide to the late Marshal Lyautey and to Marshal Foch. When he resigned his commission, five years ago, he was only forty-two, and he might have gone far had he elected to pursue his military career. But he preferred to serve France by establishing the Croix de Feu. He is a vigorous and inspiring leader, and his organization is a one-man show. De la Rocque has no adjutants.

The Croix de Feu claims a hundred thousand adult members and some fifty thousand in the junior branch. It is by no means the largest of the veterans' organizations. There is no definite program of political reform, nor is de la Rocque suspected of personal political ambition. The Croix de Feu stands for adequate national defense and internal order. It is opposed to pacifism, socialism, and communism. The organization is along military lines, with four hundred separate units in France and in the colonies. There is no uniform; the members wear a brassard when they are on parade. There is no military training, and Henri Malherbe, de la Rocque's biographer, assured me that there is no effort made to train the members in approved methods of riot scotching. The Communists are one up there; they are well-trained street fighters.

De la Rocque is a good showman. He ostentatiously keeps himself out of the public eye, with the result that he is eagerly sought after by the French press. Since the February riots, in which the Croix de Feu played an important part, de la Rocque has given only two interviews. His public pronouncements are couched in somewhat vague terms, and his messages to the members of his organization are decidedly on the flowery side. He enlarges upon the theme of the war dead, of glorious memory, betrayed by a France which is torn by political dissension and corruption and menaced by enemies from without.

De la Rocque is said to draw a salary from the gas company in Paris which donates his time to the Croix de Feu. I am not suggesting that there is anything out of order in this arrangement. It is nice of the gas company. And de la Rocque constantly travels about France, maintaining touch with his units.

Probably the real reason for the undoubted importance of the Croix de Feu in the political picture is its very lack of a hard-and-fast program. In the minds of citizens who do not march at all or thump any drum it stands as a

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general guarantee against any serious invasion from the left. In any new political deal it will serve admirably as a rallying point for medial opinion. And, one of these days, de la Rocque may find himself Premier of France.

III

PEOPLE WHO are real authorities on French politics say that there are three possible occasions for a complete political rumpus, with riots. The economic situation, already bad enough, may get worse. There may be something approaching an agricultural revolt. Recently certain peasants insisted upon paying their taxes in kind and dumped a lot of wheat upon an embarrassed tax collector. This may appeal to others as a good idea.

Or, Doumergue's constitutional reforms, proposed to the country by radio late in September, may come a cropper on a rebellious National Assembly. Doumergue's proposals were well received by the French press. It is likely that most of them are desired by the majority of the French people. There is nothing new about them; they have been discussed for generations. They include almost automatic dissolution of the Chamber following the fall of a cabinet; putting the Premier on a basis of *primus inter pares* and legalizing his office, which now exists in fact but not in law; taking the budget out of the hands of the legislative body of the government and placing it in the hands of the executive; giving cabinet members more authority in their own departments; and creating legislative and economic councils.

A prominent member of the Senate told me that the Senate would "resist with all its force" the proposal to amend the Constitution so that the President may dissolve the Chamber and call for a new election, following a vote of no confidence. Now, in theory, the President may dissolve the Chamber, but only with the consent of the Senate. Actually this prerogative is never exercised. The Deputies know full well that, under the proposed new arrangement the right to call for a new election will be ruthlessly exercised. And the Senators are jealous of what little power they have.

Assembled in national convention at Nantes, late in October, Herriot's Radical Socialist Party gave only a grudging assent to the Doumergue reforms, with reservations. If the six Radical Socialists in the Cabinet walk out on Doumergue it will put a great strain on the truce.

The unhappy events at Marseilles may well have their repercussions upon the Doumergue government. Here again, as in the Stavisky and Prince affairs, the Ministry of the Interior is under fire. The morning after the assassinations flaming red posters, signed by the Jeunesse Patriotes, an organization of the Right and in close sympathy with the Croix de Feu, called upon good citizens to do something about the corrupt police force of France, and the newspapers quickly took up the burden of the song. Sarraut, Minister of the Interior, resigned after Barthou's funeral, and he was followed into retirement by Cheron, long under public suspicion of weaseling the Prince investigation. This purging of the cabinet may or may not satisfy the public clamor for a scapegoat.

In passing, the additional possibility that nothing untoward will happen before the 1936 elections may be noted. But I don't think that many people in France would care to bet as much as a franc on it.

On the other hand, the elections for Departmental Councilor which took place on October 7 and 14 — nation-wide, except for the Paris district — indicate that the French are content with the Truce, at least for the time being. The failure of the Front Commun (the alliance of Socialists and Communists) in this election is an indication, if any is needed, that the elements of the extreme left are not getting to first base in France. Nor will the groups of the extreme right get any further. The French are a mature people, and are not taken in by any of the nonsense that seems to go with red flags and brown or black shirts. They do not care to be herded in any direction. They want neither fascism nor communism; they want to be left alone. They expect a government stable enough to maintain internal order, reasonably honest, and competent to deal with the economic complexities of this muddled world. They want an army strong enough to deal with Germany but they do not want war if it can possibly be avoided.

For these things they are ready to riot and raise merry hell generally. Further trouble, if it comes, will be in the interest of law and order.

The French, as the A.E.F. used to say, they are a funny race!

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Rugged Individualist McCormick, of the World's "Greatest" Newspaper

SUCCESSFUL AMERICANS

Two Caricatures

BY SCOTT JOHNSTON

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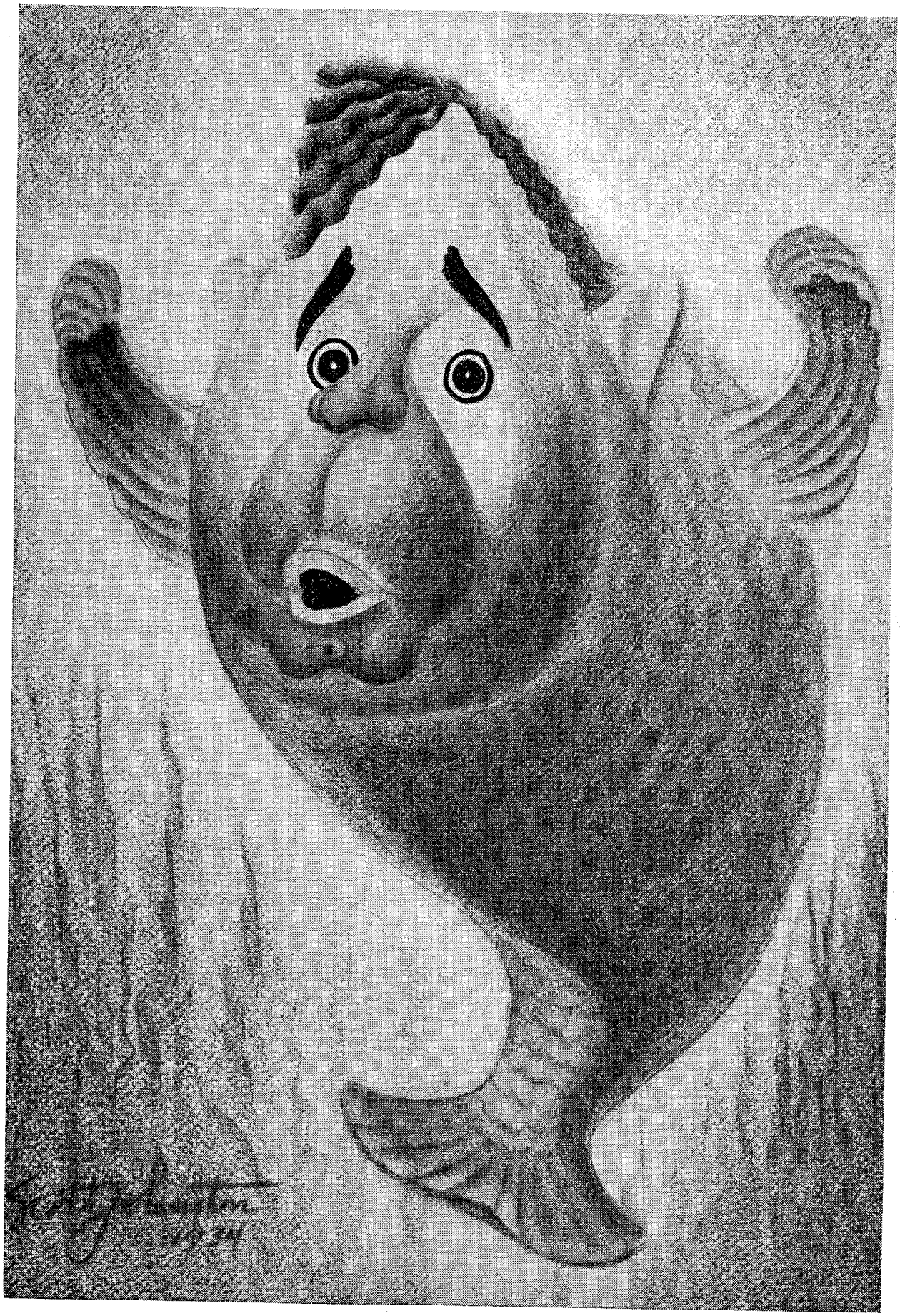

Louisiana Kingfish

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF STAVISKY—III

BY JAMES WHITTAKER

Drawings by Lewis Daniel

IT WILL BE useful to follow the method in this murder. The technique will recur. When it has worked once, a murderer sticks faithfully forever to the cue book of his first kill.

Dr. Stavisky gets into a second-class compartment of the morning train to Marly-le-Roi. Sometime before the train reaches the intermediate stop, Montigny-sur-Loing, something happens. There is only one thing which is likely to happen to a passenger in a rolling day coach, if you exclude illness and also telepathy, hypnotic suggestion, and lethal rays. Someone has entered Dr. Stavisky's compartment.

As a consequence of this intrusion, Dr. Stavisky leaves the train. He lifts his bag from the rack and descends onto the platform of the little station at Montigny-sur-Loing. He does not surrender his ticket but remains on railroad property.

The next outbound train comes to an emergency stop a kilometer above the Montigny station, and the train crew runs forward to examine an obstruction on the track. Dr. Stavisky has been dead several hours. There is a bullet hole in the forehead. Falling, his body has slid down the shoulder of the rail bed so that his head lies across the outside rail. If the train had not stopped, the head and perhaps the rest would have been smashed, and the rural police squad of Montigny might never have known what they were investigating — murder, suicide, accident, misfortune of stray cow. As it is, they are not sure. It is puzzling not to find the suicide's gun. It is more puzzling to find it later nearly a half mile farther up the track. But meanwhile, to the satisfaction of authority, the death has been declared suicide. The Paris Central supplies clear motive for the act. The dentist has lately been robbed of his life savings, hoarded in the form of dental gold.

A confirmed police skeptic might have insisted perversely on hunting a murderer still, might have pointed to the several indications of a murderer's helping hand, might have theorized that a murderer had disposed the body in the position on the tracks which invited elimination of the evidence of the bullet hole and had then met the eventuality of the corpse's remaining whole by planting the gun where it could be found if sought, overlooked if none suspected it had ever been used. But no such skeptic interferes here with what is, after all, an invitingly simple routine manner of writing the affair off police books. A suicide verdict is found, and, as is the custom, the Mayor of Montigny publishes notice that relatives will have until Monday to claim the remains, which otherwise will be interred at state expense in the local cemetery. France does not have that curious arrangement for snubbing corpses, potter's field.

XII

NOW, IMPLAUSIBLY enough, Mme. Regina and Revelation No. 4 begin to have striking justification by event. The Delphic lady is still a house guest in the villa of Marly-le-Roi.

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Her mission is to say a sooth every morning after breakfast before Sascha kisses his little wife and goes commuting in quest of the day's crime.

Mme. Regina sticks to No. 4. So long as Arlette's baby continues to progress nicely, why change? It is a good rule for fortune tellers not to change. . . .

It is the day on which the morning paper carries the notice of Dr. Stavisky's impending burial by the state. The question before Mme. Regina at her gazing globe is: may the dead man's son risk attending the funeral? For this is something Sascha is morbidly anxious to do. He loved his dad. He loved him to death. He does not want to fail to pay his memory this last respect.

If he appears beside the grave, the risk is real. News of Dr. Stavisky's suicide has revived danger from one quarter, Faralicq. The detective may or may not have read murder into the incident of Montigny-sur-Loing. But he has read in it a challenge to himself to bring to a head that dormant matter of the thefts of the dead man's gold. Where, asks Faralicq out loud, is the dead man's missing son? His question makes an appended paragraph below the suicide item in the *Petit Parisien* lying beside Sascha's breakfast coffee cup. That morning Mme. Regina reads the crystal deep, and Sascha is late leaving for work. She reaches her invariable conclusion once again:

"So long as Madame Arlette carries the child, Monsieur's luck holds."

Over the week-end the wires out of Paris Central carry instructions to rural constabulary chiefs. In putting through the request for the police broadcast, Faralicq makes an omission. He asks for a message to the police "at Montigny." There are fourteen Montignys in France. Thirteen of them are not Montigny-on-the-Loing.

On the Monday afternoon the combination hearse-sedan used for his cheapest funerals leaves the alley behind the premises of Montigny's only Purveyor of Funeral Pomps. Beside the driver rides a uniformed rural guard. This is all an unclaimed suicide gets: transportation and one witness to sign the sexton's book.

The vehicle bounces up the cobbled road on church hill. As it slows to turn into the cemetery on the crest, a long, dusty Voisin shoots out of the village below. It noses through the cemetery gates before the attendant can close them behind the hearse. The sexton's men gape. They have picked up their spades, when the door of the Voisin flies open and two figures emerge. One is that of a well-tailored gentleman with a mourning band sewed on his sleeve. His companion is a priest. The priest takes charge, as by right, and the diggers stand back while he says prayers.

The priest and the gentleman depart as suddenly and inexplicably as they came. The big car is in reverse motion even as their feet touch the running board. Before the sexton's men can spit on their hands the incident is closed with the dying roar of a motor, muffler out. Whoever they were, these people, they are now but a last puff of dust over behind the line of poplars marking the National Pike.

There are fourteen Montignys in France. In thirteen of them that Monday afternoon, rural guard captains, alert but confused, watch local cemeteries like hawks. In Montigny-sur-Loing the captain plays his usual game of bezique with the station master in the Café de la Gare.

In Paris, the police telegraph dispatcher smarts under unmerited rebuke. He has dug thirteen Montignys in a possible fourteen out of a thousand-page gazeteer. He still thinks that is a pretty fair average.

At M. Alexandre's dinner table that night in Marly-le-Roi, Mme. Regina majestically addresses her host:

"I gave you my assurances, Monsieur. You should never doubt the globe."

XIII

In the remaining weeks of Arlette's expectancy, Sascha does not doubt the globe. Freedom from doubt is all that is needed for success in crime. It is their little, uneasy decencies and intermittent compromises with habits of early virtue which hang thieves. The bold man is invincible. There have been only a few bold men in all time.

One leaf from a swindler's book is quite enough. There are carbon sheets between all the pages. Stavisky's further swindles differ in no essential from the trick of the shuttling check. Sascha dallies and diddles. It is an idyllic summer. . . .

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The end of Arlette's time comes near. As ships are drawn into anchorages by advices of approaching storm, so is Sascha's fleet of schemes guided toward a date by which all must be docked or scuttled.

After consultation with the attendant gynecologist, who protests that nature does not follow time-tables but is nevertheless cornered into a guess, the date of October 28 is arbitrarily designated as the one on which Stavisky's parenthood shall begin and his luck end.

For that matter, Stavisky's affairs are building up to collapse anyway. Faralicq is weeks to the rear but coming on with gathering speed. He is well past the episode of banker Duvert's loss. He has heard the story of a country priest whisked away one Monday in June to say a service for the dead and he has the good Father's description of the stranger who sat silent beside him, going and coming, in a Voisin car. In another direction he has singled out for observation prize-fight promoter Smilovici, who is boasting of a new patron and a new suit. This worthy is being shadowed. Stavisky knows some of these developments and senses the rest. He can feel Faralicq's breath on his neck.

Stavisky has the Voisin tuned and placed in the garage behind the Marly villa, hood pointing out, key in the ignition switch. Masons make a direct passage between house and garage. Stavisky realizes funds and ships them to Geneva banks. He studies maps. It is a careful preparatory oiling of the machinery.

And he takes one last chance. He sends out thirty bids to a farewell dinner party for the night of the 27th. He has to do this. We of the audience can understand perfectly, although it is difficult to put the understanding into words. It has nothing to do with braggartism: Sascha is really past all that. It is for the same reason that most people run to catch trains, that a person saved from a burning house doubles back to salvage a toothbrush, that one waits out the dullest symphony ever composed for the relief of the final tonic chord, that cirrhotics sneak drinks, that you edge back to find out why the cannon cracker did not explode. Expectation is a paralysis. Also, Stavisky has a faint, dangerous desire to see his child born. Domestically, he is a tender man.

Those bidden to the feast are mostly affiliates like Smilovici, each of whom has some bit of the host's sparingly distributed confidence. Perhaps this is the first time they have all been together. But certainly if they all trade what they know, they must do so circumspectly, in cocktail corners, before Arlette comes down, because aliens are amongst them in the shapes of a few of those Stavisky has despoiled. With the persistent lechering after loss of their kind, these are warmly grateful to witness the prosperity their ravisher has built out of their ruins. (When later the raiders settle down to a search of the house, they find in a fireplace a crumpled telegraph form bearing an unsent message. For Stavisky played with, but abandoned, the refined notion of inviting his earliest dupe, M. Duvert of the bank.) There are at the dinner no women other than those of the house — hostess Arlette and Mme. Regina, the priestess-pensioner-hired aunt.

It is the latter who comes down first and joins the gentlemen in the salon. She signals the host out into the hall. There has been nervousness upstairs ever since morning, when Arlette has been visited by warning pains. Now Mme. Regina is referring to Sascha the question of whether or no his lady shall chance it and come down to preside at the dinner board. Sascha goes to Arlette's apartment, Regina at his heels. The latter overhears a provocative fragment of a domestic dispute, listening at Arlette's bedroom door.

"You mustn't eat the lobster, Arlette," Sascha is imploring. "Consider the consequences."

Arlette is protesting that she wants one last time to be reckless and gay. "Think, Sascha, how long it may be before we drink again from the same bottle of champagne."

"I know, but —" . . .

Messieurs Faralicq, Pachot, Bayard, Gripoix, and Beaurain, of the Paris Central, move at eleven, with guns drawn. Since watching Smilovici enter the villa, they have counted the arrivals of seven further guests, all men. They have no means of knowing how many more than these eight assembled before they trailed the fight promoter to the scene. They must assume they are outnumbered by criminals who will resist.

Their eruption into the dining room is methodically frightful, announced by the firing

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of a shot into the chandelier. Then their weapons come down. This company obviously is no gang. Among the startled faces turned toward the quintet at the door are a dozen known ones of persons of consequence on the Paris scene. There are also three empty chairs, and Faralicq, seeing no Stavisky, indulges in a shrug of defeat. But he is reanimated by information from a stuttering guest that the hostess has just now left the table indisposed, on the host's arm.

Faralicq and three others go upstairs. In mid-climb they hear someone cry in pain overhead. At the top of the flight they stop as Stavisky emerges from a door and faces them. (Later they wonder that he made no use of the secret avenue of escape he had prepared. It would have served. But they did not know what he knew.) He puts up his hands. In the room at his back a sufferer wails.

"Do what you will with me," says Stavisky, "but first call a doctor. There is a woman in there —"

A smaller wail is heard.

"— and a child."

XIV

THE ADVENTURE of life is apt to end early when it is the adventure of greed. Success, which is a kind of extinction, is attained too soon. The adventurer in greed who outlasts his adventure can then only go on like a Manchester wall-paper machine, reproducing lifelessly a self that was once plastic and could take a design.

Stavisky's tale is done. It has had beginning, middle, end; conception, gestation, delivery. After the police descend on the villa at Marly-le-Roi, Stavisky dematerializes into the perfect tense. He is a man who has had.

Once in a while, by genius, it can be pulled off in fiction, but life abhors a sequel. There is something specious about every incident in the career of the latter Stavisky, after original authorship expired that night of 1926 in Marly-le-Roi. The rest of the play is being acted out by an understudy, and this is so even though the impersonator of Stavisky is Stavisky himself. The betraying vice of this last act, as in all second-hand literature, is its penny-dreadfulness.

Observe Stavisky in the Paris detention cell where he has been put. The problem arises, what to hold him for? Murder? Faralicq scratches his head. Those cheerful idiots, the finders of the suicide verdict over father Stavisky's remains, have done a noble job of erasing evidence. A career cop cannot one day bring a capital charge against a well-heeled citizen and withdraw it the next. Larceny? Faralicq scratches some more. The complaining witness in the dental-gold theft case is dead. Moreover, the suspect has now inherited the empty drawer. It will be an indulgent committing magistrate who will entertain the luckless Faralicq's contention that Sascha has inherited a mite too soon.

But regard all this from the point of view of Stavisky himself, surrendered to despair in his cell and doubting that anything can save him now! These are not thoughts on his larcenies which spin the prisoner's wits until the machinery stops and he spends the remainder of his single night in jail staring transfixed at the knob in the steel door, wishing it to turn never or turn now. No, these are thoughts on spillings of Stavisky blood, past and to be — last month the old, on the rail bed near Montigny; next month the young, on the platform of Dr. Guillotine. How can he think of anything else or reasonably suppose that all this man hunting can fail of the implicit aim of man hunts, death of the prey?

But Stavisky is a realist, and, when the door knob does turn and retribution in five tail coats files in, he rises to face it in a mood to spin out

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as long as he can the fight to save his head.

"The Collector of Internal Revenue," insanely speaks the senior tail coat, "will take under advisement any offer of compromise."

Stavisky's jaw hangs. An underling reminds the senior tail coat of the formality of the charge which, oh yes, was read: ". . . in that a quantity of gold converted for industrial use, namely dental, and constituting part and parcel of the residuary estate of Emmanuel Stavisky, naturalized citizen, deceased, has been and was and in manner conspiratorial in intent and/or in effect. . . ."

It is the best Faralicq has been able to do. Even the promising embezzlement charge, built up on the detective's possession of that check which had grown three ciphers under Stavisky's hands, has come to grief overnight on banker Duvert's final decision, hinted in his sudden departure on a two-month cruise of the Fiords, to let sleeping brunettes lie.

So, organized justice being what she is, the thief, swindler, seducer, and assassin being delivered into her hands, she rises in all her awful majesty and crushes him down — with an indictment for evading the inheritance tax, judgment in the sum of 780 francs.

This is canonization. Stavisky is being exalted to the Valhalla of deified thieves. He has pulled no strings. The angry guess of swindled France that he bought the beatification from some venal, petty pope of the law courts is quite wrong. Why pay for something that comes to you as by divine right?

When he finds himself in a sweet chariot, who had expected a tumbril, and risen to regions above judgments and jails, no one, you may take it, is more astonished than Stavisky himself. It comes to felons at the juncture of first arrest as an overwhelming surprise, this discovery that no one really wants to prosecute under the laws; that trials and convictions are charily conferred, not lavishly imposed; that the locks on jails are for keeping intruders out; that the most useless expenditure of criminal energy is dodging, ducking, hiding, covering, and in general parading such exasperating manifestations of consciousness of guilt as may at length goad weary justice to pursuit.

Then all he has done up to now has been pointless? A desperate game of lawn croquet behind the looking-glass? Yes. Mme. Regina's prophecies have been piffle, the union with Arlette superfluous. Danger is a dream. The world is made, and he is free.

Comprehending which, Stavisky is lost. Oh yes, he is free. But this is the freedom of a captive balloon when the cable is cut and nothing can stop it from rising beyond the zone of navigable air. There is no ballast for Stavisky after he has made the lovely discovery that crime is contemporary civilization's one non-hazardous pursuit. He has to go up and up and up until he attains a stratum of success so rarefied that he will swell and burst and come splattering down.

XV

THOUGH THE French versions look like temples, they are pawnshops just the same. The sacrifices at their altars are like those in all other lands where want is a religion; the mattress from the second bed, the tickless clock, the wedding-gift cuff links, the winter overcoat. We can call the list of them. We put them there. These things are stored in a room at the back.

Then there are the things which are pawned by *other people*. By the ex-Paganini who sacrificed his Stradivarius. By the Grand Duke's former mistress who came, heavily veiled, with forty emeralds, all big as eggs. By the man who once owned Equipoise's grandsire (his name slips the mind), who donated the Ascot — well, anyway, *some* gold cup, eighteen-carat, and it took two men to hoist it to the shelf. By the actor who married Morgabilt's daughter and slipped out with the Cellini salt shakers while she was asleep. Manuel of Portugal's Rembrandts. The loot that one-legged colonel brought back from Pekin. Abdul-Hamid's sacred scimitar. These things are stored in a room at the back of the north wind.

Stavisky sold France the things from back of the north wind. It is a simple swindle, really, and the only difficulty Stavisky has to overcome is that of becoming private operator of the municipal pawnshop of Bayonne. But, as has been remarked, difficulties for Stavisky can no longer be. The official with whom he deals discovers that there is nothing set down in the law to forbid him farming out a government pawnshop to a private citizen, provided the latter can post a bond covering the city's tithe.

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The official is rewarded with a block of stock in the miraculous project.

Better than that: an appraiser in the Bayonne pawnshop buys stock when it passes into Stavisky's hands. In his shiny alpaca work coat he has sat six days a week for sixteen years behind that desk. *He* has never appraised an egg-sized emerald, a Strad, a Rembrandt, or a sacred scimitar. It has always been alarm clocks and kitchen pots. But he is only one of six appraisers in the place, and no doubt the veiled ladies, starving virtuosos, deposed kings, and fugitive sultans all happened in when he was out to lunch.

Stavisky sells stock issues whenever he pleases. Any rumor of new rummagings in that room behind the north wind stands subscribers in line before the ink on the certificates is dry. He nets forty millions from this simple exploitation of the universal hunch that the other dog has a bone.

The surprise at the end is that there really have been some few jewels of worth and oddments of gold valued at about a half million all told. Lest there be even that crumb to divide, Stavisky has placed these gleanings in London. And where in London, do you suppose? Why, in a pawnshop.

XVI

JUST WHERE and when conscience, heavenly force, overtook Stavisky and dropped him in his tracks is not recorded. Perhaps he is lolling on the deck of his yacht, his head in Arlette's lap, his feet in a pedicure's, reading a radio report of a rise in the Bayonne shares, when the satisfactory sequence of his gainful thoughts is broken by the still, small voice. Perhaps he is presiding, a cackling demon, over one of those orgies of seducible senators and seductive spies, when sudden remorse wipes the evil grin from his lips. Perhaps the thorn rises in him while he is asleep and wakes him to horror of his sin.

Whatever the circumstances of the recantation, the effect is devastating. Stavisky drops everything and runs. Pursuing angels chase him across France. Somewhere along the route five picked men from the Sûreté Générale enlist on the side of the angels, contributing a Bugatti supercharged six with a road speed of 120 m.p.h.

Conscience and the cops win the race at a point halfway between Chamonix and the Swiss border, on a slope of Mont Blanc, where there is a rest chalet for mountain climbers.

It is a telling last scene. The fugitive has got this far toward a goal that is either Geneva and a fight against extradition or good lighting for the newsreel camera shots. He can get no farther. His race is run.

He rests an hour on a cot in the dormitory. He comes down and paces restlessly in front of the window commanding the snowy slope and the road down to Chamonix. He has a rude lunch served him at the table placed in this window. Halfway through the meal he puts down his fork. The Bugatti is coming up. It bristles armed men and Gaumont-Pathé tripods. He watches it climb. When it stops in the yard and the passengers begin to get down, he goes upstairs and stretches out on his cot. At the sound of the first footfall on the steps he puts a bullet through his brain.

"What!" screams France in two voices, the one ironic, the other a national bellow of rage. "We are to believe that a veteran swindler with forty millions in Swiss banks and a pretty

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woman on a yacht shot himself in a fit of remorse? Take that back to Hollywood!"

Obituaries are difficult to rewrite. None the less, the government has a try. There is nothing else it can do. An inference is allowed to creep into the subventioned press that maybe Stavisky didn't kill himself, maybe he was killed, maybe a policeman's gun accidentally went off — something like that. It is an unfortunate revision. If Stavisky was killed by his pursuers, evidently these had been commissioned to silence a man who otherwise might have lived to squeal. Who is the bribe taker who needed Stavisky out of the way? Toss him down to us, here in the Place Bourbon!

XVII

Sometime back in this faithful narrative, the promise was made that murder in the form invented for the elimination of Stavisky, the elder, would recur; that the son would kill once more, using again as implements and accessories the telegram, the gun, and the rail bed. At this point the promise would seem difficult to keep, what with our murderer himself shot dead.

But there was a man in the Stavisky entourage who knew too much. His name was Albert Prince. He was an examining magistrate. He prepared prosecutions of criminals. For eight years now, M. Prince had been making intermittent additions to his records on one Stavisky, alias Doisy de Monte, alias Victor Boitel, evanescent confidence man and thief. Official records on this rogue had a way of disappearing from the files. For this reason, and no other, M. Prince had marked the matter and preserved some of the details of Stavisky's past in his memory. It was too bad for him that he had a reliable memory.

On January 9, M. Prince picked up his morning newspaper and received a thrill. This famous and powerful financier who had shot himself dead at Chamonix was — who do you suppose? Why, that little what's-his-name, that Russian dentist's gigolo son, who had slipped out of his clutches nearly ten years ago! This was something the ministry ought to know. M. Prince smiled and gave his breakfast egg a genial tap. There might be promotion in this. Better to act at once. M. Prince put up his napkin and went to the telephone. As he reached for the receiver the instrument rang. He took the incoming message and forgot utterly that he had had one to send. He thanked the thoughtful nurse who had put through the call from Dijon to tell Mme. Prince's son that his mother had suffered a stroke but might live to speak to him if he came at once.

"You can catch the express at the Quai d'Austerlitz if you hurry," she said.

We know that train. We have traveled with it once before. It is not an affair for the police of Montigny this time, but one for the police of Dijon; still, the signs are all the same, a body on the rail bed, with the head across a rail — the weapon of death a half mile farther on. This crime is trademarked. When it has worked once, a murderer sticks faithfully forever to the cue book of his first kill. There can be no doubt about it. M. Prince has been murdered by —

But *that* murderer is dead. Isn't he? He was seen dying. He was photographed dead. He was put in a grave. In fact, he has just been dug up again and lies now under Klieg lights in Paris on an autopstician's slab.

Stavisky died on the 8th on Mt. Blanc. How do his fingerprints show fresh on the 10th at Dijon?

If he did not die at Chamonix (and how can it be maintained that he did?), then the mystery of Judge Prince's death is no mystery at all. Look at the facts. Judge Prince must be liquidated, for he is worse than dangerous; he is both dangerous and superfluous, a card left over when fifty-two are dealt. It must have seemed to them to be something less than crime, at least something distinguishable from crime, when those who plotted to survive the Stavisky disaster literally summoned Sascha from the dead to deal with this survival in human form of dead fact. And Stavisky will have taken care of Albert Prince on the rail bed at Dijon apathetically, with the accuracy of a somnambulist who repeats in the night a gesture learned in the day.

There remains an issue which conceivably may rise again some day in this world. If the man killed at Chamonix was not Stavisky, then who? Who was it they used? Who was the mummer who committed Sascha Stavisky's suicide on the winter-bitten slope above Chamonix as he might have committed it himself, had he been there?

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BLUNDERING TOWARD CITIZENSHIP

BY CHARLES H. SEAVER

TRAINING FOR citizenship has been regarded, from prehistoric times, as a central purpose of education. In a static early society, the aim was to teach youth the elders' way of behaving. The idea of progress has broadened this aim. We have come to cherish the hope, in general terms, that each generation may stand on the shoulders of the preceding generation and reach a higher level of civilization. In America both educators and statesmen have proclaimed the purpose of public education to be not only preparation for individual advancement but also training for active and understanding participation in social enterprise, especially government, for the advancement of the common life. We have depended on education as a main factor in social progress and looked to our schools for a steady improvement of citizenship.

Yet, with all our study of the art and science of education, with all our pride in and vast expenditure for our public schools the level of citizenship seems to rise but slowly. Our progress in mastery of the physical world has run far ahead of our progress in mastery of human relations. This social lag is persistent and discouraging. The general public as well as the educational profession seems to wander in a thickening fog that envelops not only ways and means of discharging this important function of the schools, but even specific understanding of that function. To teach the tools of learning — to read, to write, to compute — that we know how to do. We have also been successful in teaching the use of them in many fields of individual and collective activity. But what to teach our youth, and how to teach it, to make its members more effective citizens of a democracy — *hoc opus, hic labor est!*

Education in citizenship is supposed to include (1) information as to the background of citizenship — how our community life and social institutions have developed; (2) understanding of present realities in human relationships in which we function as citizens; and (3) cultivation of habits, attitudes, and ideals that will be socially useful in the world of to-morrow where the pupils' citizenship will lie. There are other objectives; but these will serve the purpose of the present discussion.

II

ONE MIGHT naïvely assume that, accepting the results of historical research as to the background of citizenship, we would let youth be taught how our social institutions have developed. The past, at least, is secure. No instruction can change it.

We find, however, that the schools are required by the public to be very cautious in regard to even well-established historical truth. Indeed school administrators and teachers disagree as to how much historical truth it is safe to expose, while many of them are better versed in methods and procedures than in subject matter. We have not been free in America from the sort of evasion, omission, and distortion that is practiced in Germany, Russia, and other countries where instruction in the schools is frankly bent to the purpose of rationalization of the established order.

For instance, in the study of medieval Europe, where the roots of many of our social institutions may be found, the historical fact of the dominance of the Catholic Church must be more or less subordinated, or a furor over Catholic propaganda will arise in preponderantly Protestant communities.

In the study of American history, the facts that the American Revolution was not regarded with enthusiasm by all the best people and that there was something to be said for the British side, since the World War, are no longer ignored, but yet in some respects must

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still be lightly touched. To explain that the revolutionists were at first a subversive minority, including many persons whose political and economic views would even now be regarded as having a pinkish hue, would, it is feared, tend even now to mitigate the patriotic fervor of youth. And the obvious parallel between the status of the thirteen colonies and that of our own territorial possessions is conveniently overlooked.

Likewise the framing and adoption of the Constitution must be invested with a pure idealism distinguishing it from the political enterprises of other peoples. The members of the Convention of 1787, wise and patriotic as they were in the main, had worldly interests and human impulses; but teachers, by and large, are inclined or pressed to explain the Constitution as a gift from a mystical Santa Claus. Moreover it was not intended to be, and is not, a stereotyped group of formulas, but a living, growing, adaptable framework of organic law. True, its interpretation and adaptation may sometimes lag behind the requirements of a changing society, but the Constitution itself has been modified nevertheless by custom, legislation, and interpretation, as well as by formal amendment, to fit new conditions; yet this is intimated but timidly, if at all, in most schools. If the human origin and human use of the Constitution were more freely and frankly taught in the lower schools the impact of more realistic collegiate instruction or of destructive outside propaganda would perhaps be a less violent shock to sensitive youths. A more intelligent and more durable loyalty might be assured.

The righteousness of the anti-slavery movement is duly exploited, except in southern schools; incidentally, the slavery question is given somewhat exaggerated prominence as the great moral issue of the fateful campaign of 1860. The collateral fact of an equally unjust economic serfdom in mill and factory, under the noses of the abolitionists, is evaded in spite of its greater historical portent.

Lest these illustrations, a few out of many, seem to some readers outdated, not in accord with present historical instruction, let it be conceded that there are many schools and some widely used textbooks in which more of the truth of history is presented than such illustrations would suggest. Indeed the writer lives in a conservative community in whose schools history is taught in a quite different spirit. It is safe to say, however, that a majority of pupils in our elementary and secondary schools is subjected to instruction in history that is more traditional than realistic.

III

The teaching of present realities in human relations in which persons act as citizens may be appraised to some extent by examination of current textbooks in civics. They represent notable improvement over the dry-as-dust manuals of national and state constitutions of a past generation. Some of them hint so strongly at realities of an unconventional nature that they can hardly be used in many states. In the main, however, the textbooks are not free from evasion, omission, and distortion; and it is to be suspected that most teachers of civics work under the same restraint as do the authors and publishers.

A distinguished student of government has said that "the counties of the United States are the most backward element of its government . . . the stronghold of the spoils system and of petty graft." There is ample confirmation of this opinion. It was probably never suggested to the voters of the present generation in their school courses in the government of their respective states; nor in most elementary and secondary schools are the voters of the next generation learning anything of that sort about the counties of their own states.

From Bryce, who found nearly fifty years ago that our municipal governments reeked with corruption, to the commentators of the present day, there has been no dearth of opinion and evidence as to the low status also of American municipal politics. But in the schools the titles, terms, salaries, and duties of the various public officers are recited, while neither the real centers of power nor certain large areas of the real operation of local government are ordinarily discussed or often disclosed. Imagine what an uproar the teaching of the realities of local government in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City, and many another city would arouse in those cities!

The teaching of state and national govern-

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ment inclines likewise to remain academic and anæmic. Some years ago, Professor Munro wrote that "political science, economics, and sociology should not be divorced at the initial stage of social study; indeed they cannot be. There is scarcely an elementary principle of economics with which political science is not concerned. . . . The guiding and determining hand of public authority now goes into every social and economic problem, no matter what the problem may be." But the teaching of civics in most of our public schools avoids giving any comprehensive or impressive picture of the interrelation of politics and economics, of the clashing of economic interests that occupies most of the attention of government, of the pressure groups and class tensions that dominate our political scene, of the everyday realities of government of the people by the people.

The lag of elementary and secondary education behind reality in this respect also is due in large measure to the public. We shrink from the exposure of reality to our children. We have interests, prejudices, and dogmas that we do not wish to submit to the analysis of searchers for truth. Most of us are content that our children learn in school reasons for the rightness of the *status quo* and the validity of our own opinions and develop attitudes of conformity to them. We are disturbed if they are brought into too close touch with defects in our institutions or conflicts in our society. Such teaching might interfere with the adjustment of the coming generation to the habits and ideas of the generation that is passing away.

If preparation for citizenship requires acquaintance with present social, economic, and political realities, the public must grant its schools a large measure of freedom; support and encourage teachers who are able and willing to use such opportunity; reconcile itself to continued re-examination of cherished principles and established practices in the light of changing conditions. The old concepts of private property, private contract, competition, profit, and other related subjects were developed for an economy of scarcity and in America were based on a freedom of individual opportunity almost unprecedented. Now they are being rethought and reinterpreted for an age of plenty and of large-scale collective enterprise. The coming generation must come into maturity with some understanding of these present trends and changes if it is to see its problems clearly, to think as well as feel about them, to avert violent social conflicts by intelligent, peaceful, orderly adjustments.

IV

THE CULTIVATION of habits, attitudes, and ideals that will be socially useful in the world of to-morrow where the pupils' citizenship will be exercised is an objective that affords a still broader field for discussion. The realities are less easily determined, more open to conjecture. No scheme of instruction can present all the coming situations in which fateful decisions must be made, nor can it precisely forecast the circumstances of any of them. In this important phase of civic education, which of course is tied in closely with the others that have been mentioned, three schools of thought appear fairly well defined.

To assure continuance of the ways of the fathers, if not a return to more ancient practices, one group would mold the coming generation in the thought patterns of the classes that have long exercised political and social control. This means the extensive use of automatic processes, such as repetition of sentimental creeds and slogans, performance of ritualistic or symbolic acts, emphasis of reverence for political authority, axiomatic treatment of a set of ideas in accord with the purposes of this group. Some of these processes are socially useful, having a wholesome emotional content adapted to a certain stage of growth; but this type of training is easily overemphasized and misapplied. It may be used for the regimentation of youth in ideas, culture, and station; for the suppression of aspiration toward real freedom of opportunity; for the cultivation of a backward-looking habit of mind.

In one state it is illegal to explain in the schools doctrines or theories of government contrary to present American practice; in others, to teach the theory of evolution. The Commission on the Social Studies reports various other similar prohibitions. Indoctrination in the ideas of one group seems to forbid exposure to the ideas of any other group.

Another group, less numerous but including

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some leaders in education, would not be content with rooting out of the schools the type of indoctrination just described, but would substitute another type by teaching "the principles of a new social order." This means, of course, the principles of *its* idea of a new social order. Now the schools are supported and administered by persons whose ideas of the future social order are widely variant. Indeed the future of social relations and institutions involves elements so difficult of scientific determination that it is doubtful that this group itself could agree on what principles ought to be taught. The American public schools are not likely to be carried from indoctrination in the principles of the *status quo* (or *status quo ante*) into indoctrination in the principles of a theoretical future status. The people will not let them jump from the unreality of the outgrown into the unreality of the unknown.

Yet in the preparation of the younger generation for citizenship there must be faced the situation that was succinctly described by Mr. Owen D. Young in a recent commencement address:

> I hope you in your generation will not confess to your incapacity to keep the sciences of government, of economics, and of the social order in step with the most rapid advances which it is possible for the human mind to make in promoting the material welfare of this world in which we live. Our trouble was not that the physical sciences went too fast but that the social sciences did not go fast enough.
>
> Just as the young men and women of my time were lured to the field of invention and discovery in the physical sciences, so you will have to face the problems of that much more difficult science of human relations. It will not do for you to determine merely what you would like human relations to be. It will be necessary for you to find out what human behavior is, and then fashion the social machinery which will make for human happiness, and the sensitive controls which will be so necessary to keep such fragile mechanisms from running to their own destruction.

A third school of thought, perhaps the largest among outstanding leaders of education, takes a similarly realistic view of this imperative. It recognizes the impossibility of sending children out of the public schools "armed in the full panoply of knowledge to solve the problems of democracy" and of "foreseeing all the important choices of the coming years and providing mechanically correct reactions for each situation." It believes, however, that we can — within the limits of the means and circumstances of instruction — give the coming generation knowledge of the elements, realities, forces, and ideas of the modern world; and that we can even lead it to the frontiers of current social thinking to examine the horizon. At the same time we can develop skill in acquiring, analyzing, and interpreting information, and in building up habits, attitudes, and general ideals suitable to a changing civilization, whatever may be the outcome of present trends. We should not waste time handing out solutions of present problems, much less theoretical problems of the future, but try to cultivate an intelligent appreciation of the nature of such problems (including a practical sense of the ways and limits of social progress); a habit of digging out all pertinent facts and giving them due weight; an ideal of social progress that seems clearly desirable and probably attainable.

Do we really want our citizens of the next generation to be told now the significant truth about the background of our social institutions, or only such portions or distortions of it as may serve to rationalize these institutions as they are? Do we want present realities of social relationships to be examined in our schools, the virtues and defects, the tensions and conflicts, or only the non-controversial phases of them, or one side of each controversy when controversies are touched? Do we want habits, attitudes, and ideals to be cultivated that will be socially the most useful in the world of to-morrow, or only those that we of the older generation have acquired or that our ancestors thought appropriate to their world?

If we really wish our children to rise on our shoulders to higher levels of social conduct, to make better adjustments of human relations than we have made, we will do well to encourage their teachers in the pursuit of light and truth and to welcome the service of teachers so inclined; to make allowances for the advance of research and thought in social science, as we do in other science, beyond the limits of our own school experience; to keep the administration of our schools "beyond the caprice, the ignorance, and the animosity of special groups, organizations, and classes"; and to recognize teaching as a profession of vital importance to society by making it attractive to the most competent members of society.

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IN TAXCO'S SUN

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

When we first went to Mexico everyone said to us, "You must go to Taxco; it is the most romantic old town in the country." This mandatory advice is never the most effective. One likes to discover for oneself one's favorite book or place. Moreover, with us it was ill-timed. We were thrilled by the modern Mexico that we were seeing day by day and not in the mood to consider it from the picturesque point of view of the guidebook. For months we made no effort to see Taxco. Finally I went there on a day's excursion from Cuernavaca with the wife of the Dutch Minister. It was only about fifty miles away but over such a terrible road that the trip took three and a half hours. The car rocked wildly from side to side as we swung from mud hole to boulder, and my companion became violently seasick.

Our one hour in the village was dusty and noisy. We could find no suitable place to eat or rest, so we sat down on a bench in the plaza and, surrounded by a crowd of children, opened our luncheon. We gave them sandwiches, which they fingered curiously but did not eat, as the white flour was strange to them. The stray dogs of the plaza, however, were soon gulping down our neat slices. News of the free lunch brought reinforcements from every street in town. A great pack of dogs followed us to the door of the church. They waited for us to come out and yelped and howled about us until we got into the motor to leave. And my friend was more nauseated than ever on the way home. But I carried away a sense of beauty that no physical discomfort could spoil. Ever since that first, grudging visit to Taxco I have felt that I owed the place an apology. This is it.

II

Taxco is typical in its isolation, but rare is its superb setting. For over four hundred years the terrible road kept it tiny, inaccessible, lovely. Only burros were trusted to bring the traveler over the deep ravines, past the precipices; to bump him through mud holes and over rocks, up the long, curving cow path to its superb hilltop.

To-day a fine state highway sweeps around the town; it has been purposely left to one side of the main thoroughfare that runs from Mexico City to the Pacific port of Acapulco. The government has wisely decided that since Taxco is a national monument it deserves a road of its own. This separate approach is some protection against the horde of tourists motoring to the coast. And the little city needs guarding, for its charm belongs to the remote, untouched life of another century. No architectural changes are allowed, and not one gaudy signboard or garage spoils the tiny table-top plaza with its fringe of houses falling over the sides of the hill. The town is paved with pebbles laid neatly from door to door and looking far smoother than they feel to the feet. Signs of the zodiac and stars of assorted sizes are worked out in the stones, but the pattern shows on only very wet days.

Long before you reach the summit of the winding road you see the two ruddy towers of the church rising above great precipices of red stone. The town seems running down the slope to meet you over ravines and bridges, steps, arches, terraces — a medley of green hillside and red roofs. As your car bumps over the last stone into the central square you feel yourself at the summit of the world, with a sea of valleys spread out before you. Dilapidated, pink stone houses fill one side of the plaza, and low shops the other; at the back of the scene the hill straggles on; in front rises the famous parish church dedicated to San Sebastian y Prisca, the pride of Taxco. It was built in the eighteenth century by José de la Borda, a Frenchman from Bordeaux, as a thank offering

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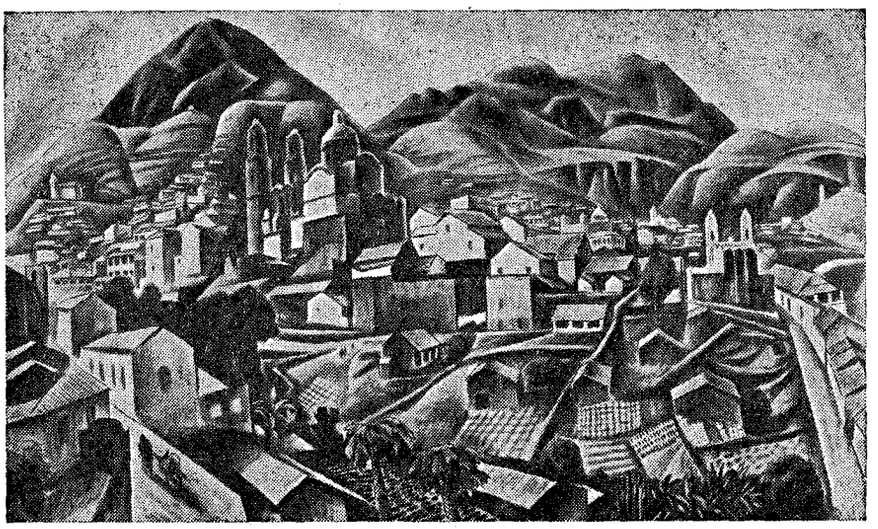

Drawings by Howard Cook *Courtesy of the Weyhe Galleries*

View of Taxco

for the enormous fortune he had made in the mines nearby. He put in the archives the motto, "Dios a darle a Borda, y Borda a darle a Dios" — "God gave it to Borda, and Borda gave it to God."

No architectural terms, however, can adequately convey the impression that the church makes upon a layman looking at it for the first time from under the laurel trees of the little square. The façade is over-ornamented; it is unbridled baroque; and undoubtedly there is a discrepancy in the width of the towers; but one forgets all this in the glory of the dome. It flowers out against the sky in brilliant blue, green, orange, and white tiles, with the inscription "Glory to God in the heights," the Spanish version of "Glory to God in the highest." The low houses about the church accentuate the height of the building. The effect is of immensity. Like a fortress it dominates the town; in the morning when the hillside green is bright behind the big ball of the dome, at midday when a Mexican fair swirls and dances under the trees, and at sunset with the afterglow deepening the rose color of the towers — it is always the overwhelming glory of the place.

III

On our first overnight visit we literally and figuratively dwelt in the shadow of the church. Our boarding house hung on the side hill back of it, at the end of the Calle del Arco. It was so small and insecurely perched it looked as if a push would have tumbled it over into the banana trees of the *barranca*. But we were very grateful for its cleanliness and the services of an enormous, ill-assorted family snuggled under its red roof. Donna X, who kept the place, assisted by swarms of visiting relatives, made candles for the altar; two of her grandnephews sang in the choir, and another fashioned *retablos*. These are picture offerings hung up in a church to commemorate the giver's recovery from illness or supernatural escape from some accident. The painter nephew had made many of these charming little pictures on tin which we saw later in the church. Our favorite was a dramatic recovery of a pig run over by a coach, with a lovely attendant saint in the background. The artist complained of bad times. "I can't understand it," he said, "but there have been so few miracles lately that a *retablo* painter can't make a decent living."

We were a little abashed at the ecclesiastical atmosphere of the house until a third nephew's work was produced, straw bracelets and birds. "Made in the jail," Donna X explained. "I suppose he is the turnkey," I remarked innocently. "No," was the unembarrassed answer, "he lives permanently in the jail."

Nowadays Taxco has four hotels, but in the fall of '28 one was grateful to find a clean pension, and Donna X's was said to have the only bathroom in town. We were ushered into it with ceremony. The long, low chamber had only recently been fitted out for its new rôle and had not lost its character of general storeroom. It was large enough to hold, beside the toilet fixtures, several hen coops, barrels of scrap iron, strings of garlic, and a sewing machine. The bathtub, painted blue, with a garland of pink roses about the edge, stood on a kind of dais directly in front of a large window that would not close. Anyone taking a bath could be seen plainly for several miles across the country. You took your choice of being courageously clean or modestly dirty at Donna X's.

There was a special service in the church

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that night, dedicating a new pink-and-white plaster madonna. The place was crowded with men, women, and children, each with a candle and flowers in his hand. They marched out past us in a long, slow procession, all singing, the faded pink of the priest's cope blending with the pink stucco walls. Last of all, carried on the shoulders of four beautiful young girls, came the madonna, marigolds, the Mexican flower of the dead, at her feet. With that long procession winding through the nave in the soft radiance of many candles, the church looked very impressive. But no service within the walls was so touching as the group of Tasquenans kneeling in prayer before the great entrance early in the morning.

By daylight the interior was a disappointment. The mural paintings are not impressive, and the gold decorations on the dome inside are not half so beautiful as the brilliant tiles on the exterior. The story goes that Borda imported the architects and stone masons from Spain to build his church, engaged Miguel Cabrera, the best-known painter of Mexico, to decorate it, and then furnished the altar with fabulous splendor. A huge silver fount, reliquaries and chalices studded with diamonds, and a great gold monstrance sparkling with rubies and emeralds are always cited.

After the church, the little city offers no sights properly so called but Humboldt's house. The great traveler is said to have lived here early in the nineteenth century when he was studying the mines of New Spain, and an account of Borda's ventures is given in his *Essai Politique*. The house pointed out as his is in one of the labyrinths of twisting roads on a slope behind the church. The street side is much ornamented in the baroque manner, but the garden side, which one sees across crowding red roofs, has a lovely gallery with long arches and a carved balustrade and an outside stairway, all mellowed down to a soft green matching the trees that fill the courtyard.

I have counted the windows and doors many times as I waited for the custodian to bring the keys and let me in. He never came. Instead, a series of vassals arrived, each with a fresh excuse for his non-appearance. In visits running over three years I was told that (a) he had gone to the market in Iguala, taking the key with him; (b) he had hidden the key; (c) he had lost it; (d) he was eating his luncheon and could not be disturbed; (e) he was tired out from a *fiesta;* (f) he would gladly show the place to-morrow; (g) he had never shown the place; (h) he would show it in a week when the floors were mended; (i) he would not trouble the lady to enter the doorway, as all that was worth looking at could be seen from the street. And on the day of my last attempt he was sleeping, and his wife declared he would beat her if she awakened him. After that final disappointment I shook my fist at the charming balcony and said with the philosophy of sour grapes, "I don't believe Humboldt ever lived there anyway."

Maximilian

IV

I REMEMBER with special pleasure a day spent with Mr. William Spratling, the artist. He lived at Number 7, The Second Street of the Delights. (What richness to have two streets of Delight in one town!) His blue gate, festooned with pink begonia, was high up on the hill, opposite the church, on a road so steep that we had to be pulled over the

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cobbles to his door. All his neighbors' houses leaned in different directions, like a little, drunken company staggering up the slope, and we were ourselves bewildered and panting when we reached his entrance. The place was enchanting, a tiny house set down in a triangular garden, shielded from the street by coffee plants and plumbago vines. A small deer, a green parrot, and two ducks kept Mr. Spratling company. A perch and a pond were enough for the birds, but the poor doe could hardly turn around when we took our chairs out under the trees. Mr. Spratling said she kept the garden tidy by eating up all the bits of paper and straw that drifted over the wall.

A *mirador*, or watchtower, had just been added to the house, and on scrambling up corkscrew stairs to the roof we had all Taxco spread out before us in the hot sun. It was a heavenly view. Seen from that height the town looked like a red-and-green opal strung on the brown thread of the highway that wound up the hill, straightened out for a bit at the square, and then flung over the promontory to Iguala, more than 2,000 feet below. The road was made for burros bringing ore from the hills and for the slow trudging of whole Indian families coming from the tiny hamlets to the Sunday market. Its sweeps and turns over the *barrancas* and sudden plunges to the ravine have the grace of a ribbon thrown carelessly across the countryside. The houses, adobe, red-roofed and thatched, cling to the rocks like low plants growing out of the valley; dark hills, fold on fold of velvet, crowd the skyline; and from the green froth of the laurel trees in the plaza below rises the church — a lonely flower.

In the face of that beauty no one spoke at first, and then someone murmured, "How perfect! There isn't a discordant note." At that instant a noise so piercing that it seemed to shake the *mirador* floor beneath our feet rose on the air — screams, shouts, curses, grunts, and howls were mingled. A man and woman in the *patio* next door were trying to give castor oil to a large, black pig. His protests were almost human and lasted until all the medicine had been spilled.

V

We lunched on an open gallery with the garden in front of us and a row of Indian dance masks hung on the wall behind us. Our host had a famous collection of them, and terrifying headdresses of tigers, buzzards, roosters, and frightful old men overlooked us as we ate our frijols and *enchiladas*. When we went out into the little *patio* for coffee there were musicians waiting for us. The village carpenter, grocer, and painter had come at Mr. Spratling's invitation to entertain us. They sat on the garden wall and played two guitars and a flute, while we listened under the stumpy laurel trees, sleepy from the hearty dinner and the midday sun. They played all the familiar songs one hears in Mexico City and many lovely old folk tunes. The children of the neighborhood gathered under the wall and begged to come up, promising all sorts of services if Mr. Spratling would open the big blue gate for them. The leader, a lineal descendant of St. Anthony, doubtless, declared he could find anything our host had ever lost. But Mr. Spratling was not to be bribed. He knew the size of his *patio* and explained that his doe, duck, and guests needed all of it. The troop straggled away good naturedly and began dancing in the street. Slowly, rhythmically, its members advanced and retreated, following the music strummed out by the guitars. It was the Christmas dance of the shepherds, the *pastorellas*, they were giving us that hot August afternoon. Over and over again they sang

Vamos pastorcitas, vamos a Belén.
Para ver al nino, a la Virgen también.

Let us go, little shepherds, let us go to Bethlehem.
Let us go to see the Christ Child, and also see the Virgin.

and marched back and forth on the hard, shiny cobblestones.

I do not know how long we sat there listening to the music and watching those sturdy little figures dancing on the hillside. It seemed an endless, golden afternoon. It did not strike me until afterwards, riding back in the moonlight to Cuernavaca, that it was strange for a grocer to give up his customers for a guitar or for a carpenter to sit on a garden wall piping his flute for half a day. We were all on an enchanted hilltop in the land of *mañana* where there are no clocks or calendars. To-morrow we can sell sugar or paint the garage, but to-day is ours to play and sing in Taxco's sun.

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ARE WE "PSYCHIC" BEINGS?

BY J. B. RHINE

ARE WE by nature parapsychic organisms? That is, have we capacities for acquiring knowledge without the recognized sensory end-organs playing an essential rôle? Are we "intuitive" beings in the common usage implying an element of clairvoyant insight? Do our hunches work out with more than chance frequency? Have we dreams or other experiences that bring knowledge of distant or future events we cannot acquire by the usual and "orthodox" means? Many thousands of people through the ages, among them some of the most enlightened of their time, have asked such questions and many thousands, it is safe to say, still repeat them to-day.

How can we find out with certainty and answer the questions once for all? There are three general ways of attempting to answer our questions, as shown by the history of human thought: first, by supposed divine revelation to prophet or priest or mystic, whose authority must be taken; second, by rational speculation on the already known or believed; and third, by scientific exploration, through observation and experiment. These three great methods, associated in the past with, respectively, religion, philosophy, and science, have all been used in seeking to answer these questions concerning extra-normal cognition and its explanation.

Nearly all religious systems and many minor cults have assumed that men (some men, at least) possessed (sometimes, at least) capacities for knowing of distant and future events. The divinities more commonly were believed to be endowed with these capacities, and the possession of them by mortal men was considered an act of divinity. The parapsychic sensitives of the more recent past, in times when divine intervention was less vigorously asserted, have been regarded by large masses as possessed by (or in rapport with) spirits of the dead. Hence the name "medium" is applied, for the sensitive is supposed to mediate between two worlds.

The fact is, however, that most of the phenomena of nature (and man) were at one time explained by "spirit agency" or divine intervention. Gradually, with the growth of science, nature emerged from the supernatural. But these strange capacities were not readily measured or approached by science, and in connection with them the "spirit theory" has still a large hold on the beliefs of the race.

Likewise there followed upon the decline of the more crude supernaturalism many speculative systems of a more rational type. From Neoplatonism and the doctrine of yoga to modern theosophy we have many subtypes of rational or semi-rational speculation, in which the occult powers of mind play a prominent part in the general philosophy of the given system.

But the scientific study of such problems is not much over fifty years old. And in this short period only a relatively few research men have devoted much time to the field called psychic research, or parapsychology, in which these problems lie. However, some clear-cut results have emerged from the better studies conducted, and there is, among the more experienced parapsychologists of the day, pretty general agreement as to certain limited but basic principles. First, that some persons, at least sometimes, are clearly able to cognize events or objects that have made no sensory impression upon them. This may be called extra-sensory perception of the clairvoyant type. Second, that some persons can, under right conditions, perceive the thoughts of another. This is extra-sensory perception of the telepathic type.

Besides the generally accepted (by specialists in the field) principles just mentioned,

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there are several other capacities that are fairly widely agreed upon as established in a limited degree. But all these may consist of special cases of extra-sensory perception working in different ways under different conditions. For example, dowsing or water divination with a forked stick may be mainly the extra-sensory perception of the location of underground water, plus an unconscious automatism. Psychometry (i.e. reading of sealed questions and answering them; giving "history" of unknown objects; etc.) may be clairvoyant object association, ranging through past time and space. And so on.

While science has pushed on into these problems, not a few scientists who have been pioneers in the work have succumbed to the spirit theory itself and have become convinced spiritists. Even these spiritistic parapsychologists, however, have generally recognized the non-spirit nature of the extra-sensory perceptions called clairvoyance and telepathy. So it can be said that science has made these advances at least, winning for the range of natural capacities of the human mind the two types of parapsychic perception described, with probably several subordinate manifestations of different types.

It has been the more complex and less experimental phenomena of "mediumship" that have convinced parapsychologists of the spirit theory. Few of the scientifically minded of this spiritist group themselves insist that the proof is clear and final, while a good majority regard it as far from final. What the further scientific explorations in the field of parapsychology will do to this last stand of spirit theory in nature there is no rational way to foretell. It must be entirely a matter of evidence, and crucially discriminative evidence. Neither the current materialistic beliefs about nature nor the faith of our fathers must be allowed to bias us in the research that lies ahead, in which the exploration will be made.

II

WHAT HAS been the procedure of science in its establishment of extra-sensory perception? The earlier workers gave a great deal of attention to the unusual spontaneous experiences so frequently found among the general population. They collected and studied these apparitions, dreams, voices, and other experiences that were significantly related to an event of importance, often giving warning or foreknowledge to the percipient. Many such collections have been made and printed, but, while the total impression is strong, it is not conclusive. The need for experimental control is evident, and accuracy in reporting is very hard to be sure of, careful as are the collectors.

It has been the experimental study of telepathy and clairvoyance that has made acceptance of them possible. Associated in great part with studies in hypnotism in the '70's and '80's, interest in the phenomena of "thought transference" grew, and many careful reports were made before the close of the century, especially in England. The procedures varied but in general consisted of having one or more persons called agents think actively of a card or drawing or other object at which they were looking, while another person, the percipient, endeavored to divine or perceive, with the senses excluded, the thought in their consciousness at the time. A wide range of material for telepathic transfer was used. Various sensations were used — colors, tastes, pains (pinches to be located by the percipient), melodies, visual figures, etc. Names, cities, numbers, playing cards, and similar tests were employed.

To test for clairvoyance, objects were used that were not known by anyone. As a rule cards have been the objects most used. The percipient, either hypnotized or normal, was not allowed to have any sensory experience of the object to be cognized — or at least the part of it (face of card) that characterized it. The experimental studies of clairvoyance have been fewer but more uniformly favorable than those of telepathy.

In all, it would be safe, I think, to say there have been forty or more experimental studies of telepathy carried out, many of them being well done, with good technique, by careful academic men of good standing. Several have been performed in university laboratories in this country and abroad. Not all have been successful in demonstrating telepathy, but a failure is not a proof to be weighed heavily against a positive demonstration, since so many things can contribute to failure. The large majority, however, of attempts reported

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were positive for telepathy, a majority even among the university studies.

III

By far the most elaborate series of studies ever made of telepathy and clairvoyant perception has been carried on in the Psychological Laboratory at Duke University during the past four years. Here, under the general interest and sponsorship of Professor William McDougall, a group of serious workers has carried the exploration beyond the mere establishment of the powers of clairvoyance and telepathy, into the realm of relations which these have to each other and to other natural processes. In more than 100,000 trials and with increasingly rigorous technique, every known competing hypothesis was eliminated. Chance was ruled out by the overwhelming significance of the positive deviations or gain above (mean) chance expectation. There were eighteen different subjects who thus qualified, and of these eight qualified over and over almost daily for long periods, until the anti-chance value of their scores is a huge and unquestioned figure. Sensory perception (conscious or unconscious) was excluded by the rigid conditions. By gradually increasing the precautions a climax was reached with subject and cards (and sending agent) separated entirely. The objective in these tests was to pile the evidence mountain high and then to go on toward the explanatory phase.

First the two modes of extra-sensory perception were independently established as pure processes. For the first time telepathy was "purified" by having the agent merely think of the object, with no object present to render clairvoyance a possibility. Then, after clear experimental separation of the two modes, clairvoyance and telepathy were studied in parallel and found to be so nearly related as to suggest a close common basis of function. All the best subjects used (eight major subjects) showed both types of ability about equally well, and both types rose and fell together in scoring rate from day to day, with the natural fluctuation that the scoring rates undergo. In the experiments made to determine the effect of a dissociative drug, sodium amytal, and an integrative drug, caffeine, both telepathy and clairvoyance were affected by the drugs used, as well as by other conditions studied. Both also functioned at a distance from the object or agent. That they are closely related in their basic functioning can hardly be doubted. Yet this is not to say they are identical.

The natural kinship of extra-sensory perception (E. S. P., since alphabetization is the order of the day) has been explored to a considerable degree in the Duke experiments, though relatively speaking perhaps only a beginning has been made. It seems clear from the drug tests that in E. S. P. the nervous system is definitely involved in some essential way. Sodium amytal depresses it, and caffeine improves it. Sleep, illness, and fatigue lower the scoring rates. Normal volition is as important in directing this ability as any other, and it can be directed with varying degrees of effort. Concentration of attention is clearly essential, and distraction is an impediment. New faces and new techniques regularly meet with a drop of ability at first. These are some of the natural relations discovered thus far, and they are reported in detail in the book entitled *Extra-Sensory Perception*, presenting the first three years' work in the Duke Laboratory.

How general are the E. S. P. capacities under discussion it is not yet possible to say clearly. This lateral exploration has not yet been begun, but something can be said from the available data, quite incidentally contributed. Half the graduate students of the Duke Psychology Department showed E. S. P. ability to a significant degree, and four of the others were not tested. In all, eighteen of the seventy-seven subjects individually tested during the first three years were successful to a significant degree. Most of the fifty-nine left were not tested well enough for a judgment, but a majority scored for the short series given them at a rate which with further testing would have been significant. That is not to assume, of course, that they would have kept the same rate. But only seven who have been adequately tested have failed to show E. S. P. capacity. And, knowing how easy it is to inhibit it in the best subjects, it is easy to suppose that some of these personalities may possess the ability but cannot exhibit it, especially in the artificial situations of the laboratory. So, while it would not do yet to

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venture to say that we are *all* parapsychically sensitive, it does appear safe to say that the majority of us are probably so, and that possibly all *may* be.

IV

A WORD ONLY, as to methods of evaluation. Although this is mostly a highly technical matter, the long successive series of correct calls made in both telepathic and clairvoyant conditions makes it easy to evaluate the work from a common-sense point of view. That is, where the subjects call fifteen or twenty-five successes consecutively, where chance of success is normally one in five, no one needs to be a mathematician to be sure that he is not witnessing a mere accident. But these long, unbroken stretches are rare, and valuation must ordinarily be made in terms of the gain above the mean chance expectation. The results are statable then in terms of odds against the series being due to chance. In the 91,174 trials reported in the book mentioned, these odds are truly enormous, requiring a number of over a thousand places to express it. Such odds, and in fact odds of a small fraction of this sum, say 1,000,000 to 1, are normally taken for practical certainty. In such a field, however, with such phenomenal claims and such far-reaching significance upon the scientific view of the universe and the place of mind in it, no degree of certainty is too great. If anyone, then, thinks that time has been wasted in plodding on so long, that will be the answer.

At the close of the three-year period, and of the book, the exciting adventure "out into space" was just begun. It had just been found that both the clairvoyant and the telepathic modes of E. S. P. were capable of functioning at a distance; and not only did they *not* fall off with distance, as do light energy, radio-wave energy, cosmic-ray energy, and the like, but instead they actually improved somewhat. Then, indeed, did the work come into full bearing upon some of the larger problems of mind and its natural relations. It immediately stimulated an associated interest in the effect of the "time dimension" on E. S. P. If space was not a limiting condition to this mental process, what would time prove to be? But there the book had to be closed, and the next great adventure was left for another report. The year that followed was a most eventful one, too exciting, perhaps, for due deliberation. What it has brought forth must be proved a hundred times over, in many ways and conditions, with many observers, since if it is correct and bears repetition it will upset some philosophies. Let the reader read between the lines if he will. He may discover, at least, that the human mind is the greatest field of high adventure now left for thrill-seeking men.

Professor Rhine is preparing further papers on the scientific investigation of clairvoyance and survival after death.

Octave

Never the low-strung tones of deepening fall
Sound on the wind but I remember all
The loveliness of springs beyond recall.

Timbrel and flute and thin re-echoing bell
Ring in the wind wherever spring rains fell
Repeating the old seasonal they tell.

Viols intone for autumn. Yet I hear
The treble voice of spring rise faint and clear.

ELIZABETH GALLAGHER
College of St. Catherine; St. Paul, Minn.

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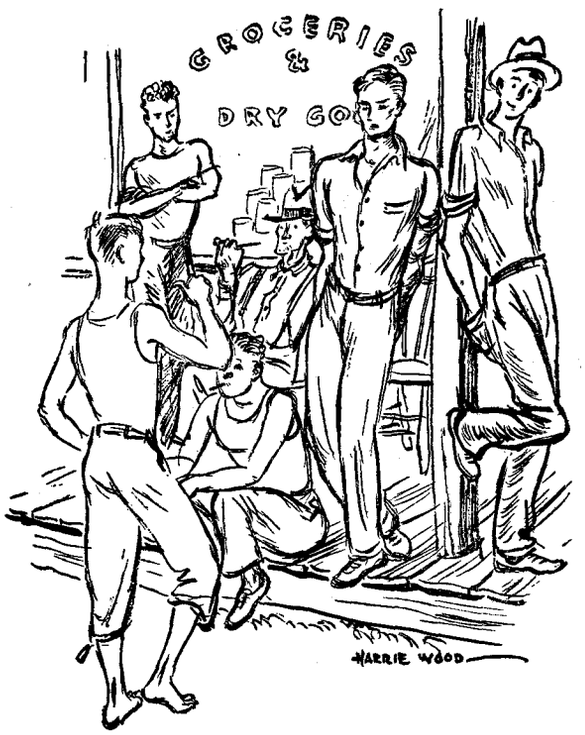
JACK THE GIANT KILLER

BY AYERS BRINSER



Drawings by Harrie Wood

THE FOUR of them stood on the sand bar that stretched along the bush-covered bank of the river; a sharp, brown line dividing the irreconcilable spheres of earth — green, homely, and fertile — and water — blue, alien, and dispassionate. There were George, Ernest, and Ernest's older brothers, Young John and Ike. George was panting, for they had run all of the way from the road. Although the older boys had gone first, making a path through the swamp willow, it had been hard for Ernest and George to keep up with them. The backs of the older boys had grown more and more indistinct through the thick brush, until all that could be seen of them was the quivering yellow-green leaves glittering in the sunlight where they had passed.

George knew that the older boys were not running away from him, yet he felt that he was being left behind like something ridiculously beneath the attention of Young John and Ike, who were indeed grown men. For Young John was nineteen, and Ike would vote in November. Their manner of superior wisdom and ability to cope with the difficulties of existence made George keenly conscious of their high place and his comparative nonentity.

Then Young John turned and shouted at them from the sand bar, "Come on, you kids! Don't you want a swim?" He ran with all his might, ignoring the spiky leaves that stung his face, the stiff branches that scratched his legs.

As they stood at the edge of the river, sucking in the cool air through their open mouths and staring dumbly at the flat islands that stretched down the center of the stream like a line of bush-laden barges, Ike bent over and dipped his fingers in the water.

"Not bad for the first swim of the season," he said. "I hope it's this warm out where it's deep."

"Last one in's a rotten egg," shouted Ernest, who was already bending down, untying a sneaker.

At once all four were jerking shirts over their heads, kicking off shoes, hopping around on one leg tugging at socks. With a wild toss George threw his last bit of clothing on the sand while John and Ike were still pulling at the straps of their overalls. As he sped to the water the hot sand stung the soles of his bare feet. His legs raced under him like the spokes of a wheel. The sun, beating down on his skin, still white from winter, drew out little beads of sweat that made him glisten. The stretch of his skin and muscles as he ran gave him joyous confidence in himself. He was directly behind Ernest when, splash! splash!

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his hot feet hit the water and his whole body was cool with dripping spray.

Between them and Boatyard Rock, where they were going to swim, was a wide stretch of shallow water that flowed swiftly, sucking at their legs and making little whirlpools behind them as they trudged along. George looked over his shoulder and saw that John and Ike were still on the bank.

"Why don't they come in?" he said.

"I guess they're standing around talking. That's about all they've done for the past couple of weeks," Ernest said.

"What do they talk so much about?" George said.

"Don't you know that John's going to marry Sarah Stevens? Ike doesn't want him to."

"Why does he want to get married?"

"I don't know." Ernest climbed up on Boatyard Rock and dived into the lee eddy.

The two big boys ran splashing through the shallows. Ernest climbed up on a ledge and lay out at full length to sun himself. His black hair was plastered down grotesquely smooth, rimming his brown, pointed face. With insolent ease he stretched his long legs and body in the warm sunlight. When John came near he turned his head without raising it and said, "George wants to know why you are going to marry Sarah Stevens."

Ike laughed, and George's cheeks were hot with embarrassment. He hoped they would pay no attention to the question.

"Because he has to, that's why," Ike said.

John dived quickly into the eddy behind the rock.

George knew what having to marry someone meant. Something inside him shuddered, as if he had put his hand in green, scum-covered water. He pretended that he had not heard what Ike had said.

"See?" said Ernest.

George grinned and dived into the pool after John. When he burst out on the surface John was banging two stones together and listening to the muffled thud with a submerged ear. As George looked down to see what John was doing, all at once John's nakedness was something obscene, like the drawings in the school toilet. The sudden relation of ideas and physical reality gripped him like a muscular spasm and seemed to choke him.

When John stood up to throw one of his stones at Ike, George managed to release his eyes. He swam from John as fast as he could. He felt tired all over. While they stayed in the river he sat on the upper side of Boatyard Rock pretending that he was looking for fish and trying to get out of his mind the blinding images of John and Sarah, trying to ignore a new and strange feeling of guilt.

II

THAT NIGHT George went down to sit with the other boys on the steps of the general store. The red and yellow signs — advertising gasoline, soft drinks, tobacco — that were nailed to its shameless front, the smoke-smudged lamps by the front door gave it, by contrast to the dark houses of the little town, an air of bogus gaiety. When George arrived most of the men were already sitting on the long porch. Shorty Calvert was there listening to John and Ike talking to a farmer from down the road. Although Shorty was George's age, he was always, if possible, on the periphery of a group of older people, listening to their talk and pretending to be as wise as they. Ernest was perched on a step, his head in his hands, staring out at the dark sky.

"I've been waiting for you," Ernest said. "Let's try to get Shorty and have a game of tag."

George shook his head. "He won't come. Besides, it's too hot."

The two boys walked away from the porch and stretched out on the ground beyond the ring of yellow light let out by the store windows. George rolled over and buried his head in the cool grass. It was fresh, soft, like water. He looked up when he heard someone coming along the path that ran behind the store; a dark figure walking lightly in the shadow like a spy. It was Sarah Stevens.

She called softly to Ernest, "Go tell John I want to see him."

Ernest didn't stir. "Go on," she said, "Please!"

Ernest got up, grunted, and walked over to the porch. "Sarah wants to see you, John," he said, loud enough so that everyone could hear. They all turned and looked at the girl standing outside in the dark with her back to them. John glanced quickly at Ike and went

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out to her. One of the men said something that made Shorty snicker.

From where he lay, George couldn't catch their words. He couldn't see their faces. But he knew that Sarah was crying.

"What do you suppose she's going to do?" said Ernest as he dropped into the grass beside George. George shook his head and watched. Because he knew that this was serious and bitter he felt sorry for Sarah. He saw John shake his head, turn abruptly, walk back to the porch. He heard him say loudly to Ike, "I guess that'll settle the bawl-baby." George laughed with the others, although he didn't see anything really funny about it. He saw that Sarah too had heard what John said and he watched her turn and run up the dark path.

All at once, the sick feeling that he had had sitting on the rock griped him. He jumped to his feet and said abruptly, "I'm going home." He didn't say good-night or answer Ernest's question. He walked as quickly as he could up the road to his house.

He was running when he reached the garden gate. Instead of going around to the front, he went in the kitchen door and up the back stairs. His mother was sitting with his father on the terrace. He didn't want them to see him. He didn't want to kiss them good-night. But his mother heard him creeping up the stairs. A few minutes later she came to his room.

"What is wrong, dear?" she asked. "Why didn't you come and say good-night? Aren't you well?"

George pretended that he was asleep.

"George, tell me what is wrong."

George muttered under his breath. He really loved his mother. But he didn't want to kiss her. She bent over him, and he turned his head so that her lips just touched his cheek. She looked down on his flushed face and his eyes squinted shut. Then she turned and left him, closing the door very softly after her.

As George lay in his bed his brain felt hot. He could not sleep. He looked out of the open window at the foot of his bed and saw the stars. He saw the shadows of the locust trees swaying lightly in the night air and smelt the sweet odor of their blossoms. He heard the rustle of the wind in the leaves, and the soft echo of his mother's voice as she spoke to his father. He was tired and ill. He hated himself, the darkness, Ernest. He hated everything. And he was ashamed.

III

GEORGE WAS walking rapidly down through the garden. He looked across the meadow where the weeds had grown tall and the gray-green heads of timothy grass were nodding in the sultry August-sundown breeze. Beyond the meadow the river that had been swift and full in the spring was sluggish and shrunken. Brackish water, alive with stagnation, lay in still pools along the banks. The sun, hot and red, setting behind the hills beyond the river, cast a faded light over the leaden-gray stream.

He was hurrying to get away because he had lied to his mother. She had asked him not to go down to the dance hall, a cheap resort on the edge of the village where, on every Saturday night of the summer, he and Shorty went to watch the men and their girls and listen to the brawls that went on outside in the bushes. Shorty was his boon companion now. He seemed to know the answers to all of the questions that were continually coming up in George's mind. His mother didn't like him to

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be with Shorty so often, but, he thought sulkily, what business was it of hers whom he was with or where he went? It served her right if he had to lie. Besides, this was going to be an especially big night at the dance hall.

Shorty was waiting for him when he arrived at the store. "You're late," he said. "What's the matter, didn't your old lady want to let you out?"

"No," George said, "she tries to keep me home all the time."

"Why don't you tell her to go to hell?" said Shorty, abruptly setting off down the road.

George trotted along behind. There was a sudden, brutal violence about what Shorty had said that confused him. He asked Shorty if he had ever actually told his mother to go to hell.

"Sure," Shorty said. "That's the only way to make them let you alone."

George shook his head. "I don't think I could get away with that."

Shorty laughed at him and walked on. When they heard the whining throb of a jazz band they turned up a lane that led to the hall. They were on their way to the front of the building when they heard a man's voice from the shadow.

"Listen!" said Shorty. "Let's see what's up."

The two boys tiptoed quietly toward the voice. They saw a coatless man holding a girl in his arms, kissing her as she tried to push herself away.

"Let me go, you lousy drunk," she said. "Do you think I hang around here as free entertainment?"

The man tried to hold her closer, but she broke loose. He grabbed the shoulder of her dress and ripped it open, baring her breast. The woman whirled and ran stumbling into the woods, the man after her.

"Come on!" Shorty said. "Let's see the fun."

George was rooted to the ground as he listened to the guttural voices and watched the dark figures struggling in the shadow. It all happened in a few seconds, but already there was a hot pounding in his head. His body was tense and filled with pungent warmth, his mind thick. He set off, running after Shorty, seeing nothing but the smudged, black figures of the man and woman fading into the woods in front of him. As they darted across the lane he failed to see the lights of a car as they limned the figures in their glare. He was running automatically, with something inside him driving him faster and faster. As he crossed the lane he didn't hear the warning shout. He looked up just in time to see the round lights bear down on him. He heard the brakes screech and the tires grind on the gravel. Something large and hard hit him on the side. There was a brilliant flash before his eyes. All of his senses suddenly shattered into a million fragments. He was clinging to something, his body numb, his brain whirling round like a pin wheel. It was as if a blinding streak of lightning were lasting for minutes. Then it all stopped.

When he came to his senses he was lying on his own bed. All that was clear were

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his mother's lustrous eyes, that looked unusually large. He saw his father dimly and another man who must be the doctor.

"He's all right," the doctor said.

"They told me if he hadn't caught the fender of the car he would have been run over," his father said.

"Yes, you're a smart young man," the doctor said to George.

His mother pushed the wet hair off his forehead and bent over and kissed him.

IV

It was a long time before George could leave his bed. Ernest had come often to see him, and Shorty once or twice. From them he learned when it was too cold to go swimming, that there was a new kind of soft drink at the store, and that John had at last married Sarah. Shorty said that they had moved in with Ernest's family.

George felt that his illness had given him something that put him apart from other people. They no longer seemed so necessary to him. He was glad to see Ernest and he didn't care that Shorty came so infrequently. He no longer sulked with his mother and father. But he still distrusted them. He couldn't talk to either of them without feeling that he must keep something back. And he was bitterly conscious of what he considered their supercilious insight and knowledge of him. He had a dull resentment of their all-wise kindness that would suddenly flare up to a burning hatred. Then he would mutter under his breath, "Go to hell! Go to hell!"

The afternoon before Christmas Eve George was stretched out before the fire, reading. It was a gray, dull day, and snow had fallen since early morning. He was bored with the stuffy heat of the house and the excitement of the holiday. His mother, who had been busy superintending the preparations for Christmas, came into the room and said:

"George, will you get a little pine tree for the dinner table? I forgot to tell the farmer to bring one."

"Aw, you don't need a tree for that," George said without looking up.

"Don't argue about it, dear. Please go right away, because I must get it ready to-night. And I have a thousand things to do."

"I'm not going out for any tree in this weather."

His mother's voice was sharp. "George, do as I told you and don't talk to me that way."

"I won't go!"

She snatched the book from his hands, slammed it shut on the table. "You certainly shall."

"Now you've lost my place," George whined.

As she went back to the pantry, she added, "And hurry back. I don't want you late for dinner."

For a moment, George was undecided. He picked up the book and leafed through it, looking for the place where he had stopped. Then he threw it down, got his hat and coat, and went to the door. He opened it and looked out. The wind was whirling the snow in white, billowing clouds. Suddenly he turned and shouted, "Go to hell!" slammed the door, and ran from the house.

He walked along the back of the town, where he was certain to meet no one. Every few steps he looked back to see if he were being followed. But all that was behind him were his own footsteps trailing off like a line binding him to his mother. He started to run, but the snow was deep, and it was hard work.

He turned up Spinning Wheel Road, leading to the woods. As he trudged along he mumbled unintelligible syllables to himself. He walked along a smooth rut that a sleigh had just made and tried to organize his ideas. But they would not fit into any logical pattern. He thought of his mother, Sarah Stevens, Young John, Shorty, himself. They were just so many people. The snowflakes splashed against his coat and shattered into white, crystal fragments. They felt cool and tingling against his face. He turned his head to the sky to catch more of them on his cheeks. He squinted his eyes shut to let them fall on his hot eyelids. Then, suddenly, he thought how cruel his mother had been to make him come on such a stupid errand. He made a snowball and threw it at the tall white hat on a fence post. He wouldn't bring back the Christmas tree anyway.

It was getting dark, and the snowflakes were white against the background of the deepening gray sky. He sat on a fence rail to

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decide what to do. He looked across the fields under the thick softness that made them so smooth. He stared blankly at his feet. Behind him was a cluster of pine trees, their green branches drooping with graceful weariness under the snow. Slowly, without thinking about it, George climbed down off the fence and began to look for a suitable Christmas tree. As he hunted among the seedlings he forgot that he had promised himelf not to do this, that he had told his mother to go to hell. He found a tree that he liked, knelt down, bared its stem, and with one hard pull of his knife cut it loose. With the snap of the tree stem something inside him snapped.

Then, suddenly, he scooped up a handful of snow and began to wash his face, fill his mouth with soft, white crystals that melted quickly against his hot tongue. He jumped and ran, stumbled, rolled in the snow. Some of it went down his neck and made him shiver. He did not care what anyone thought or did. He didn't even care what he thought. He just ran. At last, the cloying stuffiness of his self-consciousness and shame had cleared away. He felt fresh and clean.

Out on the road he saw a farmer driving along in a two-horse sleigh. "Hello, George!" the farmer called. "Want a lift to town?"

"Yes, thanks, Mr. Luther," George shouted back. He picked up his little tree, vaulted the fence, and climbed up beside the farmer.

George sat bundled up on the high seat of the sleigh, holding out his face to the cool, wind-driven flakes. He watched the rise and fall of the horses' rumps as they trotted along, the shine on their wet coats. It was pleasant to see them jerk their short, pointed ears; turn them back to hear what was being said; thrust them forward to catch the puzzling noises ahead. The breath came from their nostrils in jets of steam, and they bobbed their heads as if they liked nothing better than to run through the snow. The smell of their bodies was refreshingly pungent. He listened to the clump of the bits in their teeth, the dull thud of their feet, and the even swish of the runners as the sleigh glided along.

As they flew past Ernest's house he saw a woman taking from a line the white clothing that swung absurdly stiff in the sharp wind.

"I guess that's Sarah," Mr. Luther said. "I hear John's run away from her."

What had happened to John and Sarah was to George just so much news from far away. He merely nodded to Mr. Luther.

The team drove up to George's gate, and he climbed down off the sleigh. "Good-bye," he said. "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas!" Mr. Luther shouted as the horses started.

George burst into the house and cried, "Here's the tree!"

When his mother came to him he suddenly remembered what had happened when he left.

"What a pretty one!" she said.

George looked at his feet, "I'm sorry," he said.

"That's all right, dear. Only you must not talk back to me that way. It's not kind."

"I'm sorry I said 'go to hell'."

Her eyes widened with surprise. "I didn't hear you say that."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. It just slipped out. I didn't want to say it. I don't know why . . . I . . ."

She put her hands on his shoulders and looked at him for what seemed like minutes. Then she bent over and kissed him. "Now you're forgiven."

George threw his arms around her neck. He wasn't really sorry. He just felt that all he had done for months past was a part of someone else's life. He, George, as he stood there now, had nothing to do with it. Then, all at once, the words came out, helter-skelter, topsy-turvy, just as they used to. He told her about the snow, Mr. Luther and the sleigh, how the horses smelt, how they looked trotting along the white road.

"Mr. Luther says that John Graves has run away from Sarah," he said as if it were a great discovery.

"Yes, so cook told me," his mother said. "It's too bad."

Too bad, that was it. Just too bad. Nothing more for him. He was sorry for them both. That was all right. But he was free, free from other people and anything they did. He was himself, and that was all that made any difference.

He held up the Christmas tree. "See," he said, "how smooth I cut it. I sliced it off just like Jack the Giant Killer."

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THE TRUTH ABOUT THE LEGION

A Letter to the Editor

BY EDWARD A. HAYES

National Commander of The American Legion

The American Legion
Office of the National Commander
Indianapolis, Ind.
October 3, 1934

Mr. Henry Goddard Leach
Editor, THE FORUM

DEAR SIR:

From dispatches published in newspapers and from letters received I am advised of your address broadcast from New York City on Tuesday evening, September 19. From the same sources I learn that, in addition to an assault upon The American Legion, you proposed a number of questions and demanded that I, as National Commander of The American Legion, answer them. No copy of your address has been received by me personally or at our National Headquarters.

You must realize that your discourteous action in failing to send to me direct a copy of the utterances included in your broadcast requires that any reply made by me must be confined to those excerpts reported in the public press.

Your appeal to the electorate to vote against "betraying" Senators and Congressmen, and your scurrilous attack upon over 1,200,000 men and women of The American Legion and its Auxiliary, convict you of either abysmal ignorance or intention to deceive. Figuratively, you spit in the faces of the compensated veterans of the World War and insult the intelligence of 63 United States Senators and 310 members of the House of Representatives.

Can you cite one instance wherein a vote was cast to override the Presidential veto last March as the result of "intimidating and cajoling with promises of votes?" Your failure to do so will divulge the real reason for your effort to engage in controversy at the expense of men and women who were maimed while serving your country. That reason I believe, is mercenary. In my judgment, you are looking for money from additional sales of your so-called magazine.

Your questions disclose the depths of your lack of knowledge of the subject of veterans' affairs. Did it ever occur to you to ascertain what a small percentage of the 825,000 Legionnaires now receive or ever received any disability payments from our government? Perhaps you will start using your admitted mental capacity when you know that *official* records disclose only about 8 per cent of World War Veterans receive compensation for disability due to service.

Since "compensation for disability due to service" is all The American Legion ever sponsored for our living disabled comrades, is it not plain to even your seemingly prejudiced mind that only a small percentage of our membership would receive anything as the result of the legislation which we sponsored?

The advertisement in *The American Legion Monthly* stated the truth. Conservatively estimated over 90 per cent of our members receive no payments for disability. Those of us who neither have nor claim disability have pledged ourselves and whatever legitimate influence we can muster to obtain and retain proper compensation for our less fortunate comrades.

The 825,000 American Legion dues-paying veterans of the World War comprise men and women from every walk of life. The majority of them admittedly disabled do not have the money to pay dues. Many of them are entirely dependent upon what they receive on account of service-incurred disability, 20 per cent are in the neuropsychiatric category, 19 per cent tubercular.

Of those who do not join the Legion, certainly hundreds of thousands are financially unable to pay dues. Many others have read or listened to maligners of the Legion and, nauseated by the false spew emitted, make no effort to get the truth. Some emulate the example of vulture-like disseminators of falsehood.

Yes, we are proud of the fact that the average member of The American Legion has had and retains the initiative and ability to earn better than the average income, carries insurance to provide for his family, and owns some kind of automobile. Conversely, we find no pride (to put it mildly) in the fact that many of our more well-to-do comrades either deserted or never joined our ranks because they listened to the uninformed, sometimes prejudiced statements of so-called economists who crucified many disabled veterans on the cross of public opinion. With all charity — certainly with reverence to His name — we commend to them Christ's utterance on Calvary: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

II

YOU SHOULD KNOW that the War Insurance Act provided means whereby during the World War those of us who served were given the privilege of paying a minimum premium for a policy covering death or permanent total disability. Did you ever feel the urge to be fair enough to learn how many are actually receiving total permanent disability benefits? Surely you do not accuse our splendid wartime Secretary, Mr. Baker, of having intended that such a paid-for policy would discharge our government's obligation to those who did not die but who were partially disabled by war-incurred injury or disease. My own belief is that Secretary Baker never intended that the War Insurance Act should "eliminate," to use your slur, "such demands as the Legion is making to-day." Keep in mind the simple fact, which you seem to forget, that what we asked and what we received from Congress last spring provided payment of "*compensation for disability due to service*," so far as it applied to living disabled veterans. In fairness — you should know these facts before you malign anyone — what Congress gave us involved $40,000,000 for men and women who the government had admitted under laws existent for ten years were suffering from disability actually due to service. And you think Secretary Baker intended those payments should be "eliminated" by the War Insurance Act? Or do you really think a Senator or Congressman who voted to restore those payments amounting to $40,000,000 for World War veterans admittedly disabled by service "betrayed you and your interests," to

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quote your own language?

With all your demonstrated venom toward The American Legion, and your curt "demand" that its National Commander make public reply, we cannot believe that even you and your ilk ever desired one dollar taken from those who were admitted by everyone to be suffering from service-incurred disabilities. Did you? If you admit that you did you are the first one who can proudly call himself American who will make that admission. And we've asked that question, publicly, in most of the states this year. But, if we assume you are like most of the other rock throwers, you will say, "No, the ones actually suffering from admittedly service-incurred disabilities should not have been disturbed." Well, look at the records for your facts. There you'll find that $30,000,000 of the $40,000,000 which we "cajoled" out of 63 supposedly trembling United States Senators and the 310 supposedly intimidated Representatives was money which had been taken under provisions of the Economy Act from our comrades who were and who are (by all) admittedly disabled due to service.

Do you wonder what the other $10,000,000 was for? Perhaps you have concluded that these alleged "plunderers of the Treasury" held the gun on Congress to get that much restored to the most pitiable classes of all the disabled. If so, you're wrong again. To charge the Congress with giving those payments just to get votes will have you accusing the President of the United States just as falsely. For the record discloses that the President himself, by executive order, issued on the very day that the Senate overrode the veto, restored to the rolls every one of the so-called presumptives *at exactly the same rate of pay which they are now receiving under the law* sponsored by the "Treasury raiders."

No, neither Mr. Baker nor any other fair-minded American citizen ever intended that the War Insurance Act should have any effect upon the decision as to what should be done for the living service-disabled.

III

YOU, LIKE OTHERS who spout words conceived by a mind blinded by the fog of unwarranted suspicion, are confused when you ask whether The Legion sponsored adjusted-service compensation "under the thesis that it would 'eliminate' service pensions." Aren't you ashamed to have implied lack of good faith to The Legion when you learn that The Legion has never presented or sponsored any legislation providing "pensions" for living World War veterans? If you have read and analyzed the law passed last spring you know that everything included in that law for World War veterans is "compensation," not "pension." There is a difference. "Compensation" is payment for service-incurred disability. "Pension" as we have applied and do apply the term to World War veterans is payment for disabilities not proved under the law to be service-incurred. Whether you will believe it or not, the facts are that The Legion has not at any time presented or sponsored any legislation for living veterans of the World War providing payments for non-service disabilities.

If you had spent fifteen years, as some of us have, wrestling with the myriad of technical regulations necessary to be complied with in proving a service-connected disability, perhaps you would have a more charitable viewpoint toward thousands who are, in my judgment, improperly classified as non-service-disabled. Many thousands of the most deserving were receiving a pittance of $12 per month under the disability-allowance law passed in 1930. *That law was not presented or its passage sponsored by The American Legion.* The Legion contended then and contends now that the primary obligation is to the *service*-disabled. Nevertheless, it is sadly too true that many thousands of very deserving cases who had been unable to comply with technical requirements as to proof of their honestly asserted service disability accepted the $12 pittance provided by the non-Legion-sponsored disability-allowance law. Its repeal by the illy considered Economy Act of 1933 threw most of those thousands on the relief rolls, where statistics well show they receive more, in most instances, than they had been receiving. The greatest difference is that most of them now feel they should get everything they can get, since any sense of pride left to the men who had served and who honestly believed their disability due to their service was gone with the taking away of the $12 per month on which many of them had been trying to live.

Sometime, please God, an awakened citizenry will take the time to really cover all of the ground, or at least enough of it so that it will refrain from condemning without investigation.

Do you really wonder that a large percentage of World War veterans complain bitterly that they should receive the proceeds of their Adjusted Service Certificates so that they might use what they feel is their own, an adjustment in pay, for service rendered, instead of accepting charity or relief payments?

No, certainly, I do not understand that adjusted-service legislation was sponsored in lieu of so-called service pensions. If any such representation was made when that law was introduced I have not learned of it. But, if it was made, our course has been consistent since we've never asked for service "pension" for the living.

You engage in the usual gesture of magnanimity when you ask if The Legion believes that $30 per month is ample compensation for the so-called "genuine" war widow. Most adverse critics, taking advantage of a conjured opportunity to sneer, now, fifteen years after they should have been more interested in the "genuine" war widow, speak and write glibly of the "unspeakable" injustice comparatively of providing only $30 per month to the widow of a man who died of service disability while more than thrice that amount is being paid to living totally permanently disabled men and women for service-connected disability. No, $30 per month is not enough in many instances. But what have these now awakened critics done about it? The answer is they've done nothing but talk. That talk is usually in connection with an harangue about the alleged mistakes of those of us who have done our conscientious best over the years.

Most of the so-called "genuine" widows were and are also the recipients of the proceeds of the War Insurance Policy which provides $57.50 per month on the usual $10,000 coverage. There hasn't been much complaint from those who live in memory of the mate who gave his life. Very often some American Legion service officer was the fellow who gratuitously and gladly offered his services to unravel the red tape for that really genuine little widow, and in all my experience I know of no instance wherein any such widow has indulged in criticism of The Legion, about anything it has done or failed to do. She's grateful, and we're glad she is, when on Memorial Day the used-to-be boys in The Legion Post decorate the grave, fire the salute to the dead, and watch the tears roll down her cheeks while taps echoes across the cemetery.

No, it's hardly enough. Since your question must imply a desire to be more generous, what do you think they should have?

IV

YOUR QUESTION asking what The Legion said in 1922 about what you now call a "bonus" really has been answered. The record, if you'll follow my suggestion to look it up, will speak for itself. Try it once. Go right down into the marrow of the facts. The truth is readily available. That's all we presented to

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Congress last winter, and the truth prevailed. You, I want to be convinced, will adhere to the truth when you learn it. Check the record and see if we have ever presented or sponsored any pension for living World War veterans.

But you didn't ask anything regarding the really controversial questions of this year. Why didn't you ask about hospitalization of veterans? There's a subject for you. But, please, before you start asking questions on that subject, or writing articles for public consumption adversely criticizing, go visit one of them. Pick out one wherein they have, say, a thousand of the poor boys who are mentally disturbed. Or shake hands with several hundred bed cases of pulmonary tuberculosis. Find out what happened to many of the latter class when they were required to leave the hospital after the Economy Act was prepared for passage. Check into the story of 100 beds vacated by the ejection of World War tuberculars being filled almost immediately by some of the younger, also unfortunately tubercular, members of the Civilian Conservation Corps. No criticism of those boys is intended. The statement is made merely so you may better understand why The American Legion stood its ground on hospitalization. If you think we aren't giving earnest, honest study to the very difficult problem, check with officials of the American Medical Association and take Dr. Carey's word for it. He is immediate past President of the A.M.A.

If you are really interested come out to Hines, Illinois, and marvel with me at the osteomyelitis treatment, the cancer clinic, and the marvelous work done there. We've been in dozens of the hospitals in the United States. We are really trying to solve the problem.

And you didn't ask about our advocacy of a "pension" for needy widows of World War veterans whose husbands died of conditions not shown to be due to service. Note that word "needy." We only asked our government to protect the widow of the man who, while alive, protected the government. (It isn't necessary for me to say that you and all the other citizens *are* the government.) If that man's widow needs protection, i.e., if she has no adequate provision made for herself, some governmental agency will have to step in. Yet there was a great deal of printer's ink used, many editorials were written, and especially vitriolic attacks were published in various magazines about our raiding the taxpayers to get money for those widows. Check up on that, too. Congress took care of some of them last session. The question will likely come up again. Our cards will be face up. Anyone can obtain a copy of the resolutions adopted at our national conventions. But, remember, our cardinal principle is that we will state just the truth, and we will state the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Your last question remains. Doubting Thomases have existed. We did try to eliminate them this year, but not in the sense that your question implies. There is no proper place in any activity — and, as I see it, this applies with particular emphasis to molders of public opinion such as editors of magazines — for persons who will not adhere to the truth. We are all subject to error, of course. Common decency, however, dictates that we should exhaust every possible source of information before making statements designed to hurt or destroy the reputation of any person or organization. The definite program of our national organization this year was based on exhaustive study. Our conclusions were honestly arrived at, our proposals openly and fairly presented. The writer spent most of two days before a committee of the U. S. Senate. Senator Byrne of South Carolina paid us the personal tribute of presenting our case honestly and accurately. He is an estimable gentleman who led the opposition to our legislation. The record of that hearing is available to everyone.

We were presenting the unanimously adopted 4-Point Program which had been checked and rechecked by many men who had spent years in intimate contact with the problems involved. We sensed our obligation to our government. The legislation which we presented — and I charge you with knowing this — had nothing whatsoever to do with the so-called "bonus." The utterance of palpable misstatement will ultimately redound to the disadvantage of the utterer. The Legion's reaction to your un-American trick of broadcasting venomous expressions is already evident. Communications received at National Headquarters show that men who served you in 1917–1918 thoroughly resent your spreading poison regarding those who served in uniform. They ask, "Did you don the uniform during either the Spanish-American or the World War? If our enemies had won then who would have paid the bills? Do you know of any doctor who could really diagnose the effects of gas? Can you determine the reaction in a mind or body when a shell explodes nearby?"

Of course, you must answer either "No" or "I don't know."

Attacks such as yours should arouse every man and woman eligible to be associated with The American Legion to re-enlist with us in our campaign to combat falsehood by telling the truth.

We welcome any expression which adheres to the truth regarding the action of our organization.

Very truly yours,

E. A. Hayes
National Commander

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

In the June FORUM *the Editor attacked the growing menace of the veterans' compensation racket, and* Reader's Digest *reprinted his editorial under the title "Soldiers of Fortune." On September 18 he renewed his criticism on the air over the N.B.C. network. On October 4, over the same network, Commander Hayes of the American Legion replied. The October* FORUM, *in answer to many requests, published a black list of the senators and congressmen who overrode the President's veto of the last "veterans'" bill.*

The Editor's desk is daily swamped with letters and telegrams from members of the American Legion and others. There is space in the following pages to quote from but a few.

DIRTY YELLOW DOG

Henry, you made a dam fool of your self last night. Speaking over the radio last night against the poor veterans. You are a slacker yourself, you never seen no service, and you said the veteran is raiding the treasure, you dirty yellow dog. I dare you to come to Washington to some four halls, and say what you said about the veteran. You never see your paper again, you coward. I like to punch the dirt out of you. Remember when you speak against a veteran you are speaking against thousand, you aren't but one darn fool, so your words don't amount to dirt. Every veteran tune you out on the radio, we veterans and our wives are going to boycott you old darn paper. We will know where ever you go, you better get a body guard, you rat, you can answer this letter, in the Washington newspaper if you want to. Remember you are trying to take the bread from thousand of mouths. I bet you get a good salary. This is from a soldier who serve his country, you rat, you yellow dog. *Washington, D. C.*

BLACK NIGGER LOVER

I heard your rotten speech over the radio — you only spoke the truth once . . . when you made friends with the Negro porter. . . . Maybe you are as good as a nigger but I doubt it. How much did the U. S. Chamber of Commerce pay you for the talk? The railroads and big business have received many a bonus but thats all OK with you. Anyway I don't think your talk made many friends with you. So thats all for you. . . . To a black Nigger lover and the Chamber of Commerce. *Harry J. Green; Council Bluffs, Ia.*

PREMIER RACKET

Congratulations and many thanks for the very fine speech of Mr. Leach this evening. First I wish to thank Mr. Leach for his daring, vigorous and altogether truthful flaying of this premier racket of America, no small distinction in this foremost racket infested country. It is seldom that one hears such frankness and earnestness on the radio. As a public service, for which the radio stations are licensed, I suggest that Mr. Leach be given fifteen minutes for the next month or two to more fully develop his theme, if possible by a debate or series of debates with Commander Hayes, and again bring to the public consciousness the facts so well brought out by the Scripps Howard papers a year or two ago. *Willard McPherson; Sewickley, Pa.*

POISON

I hope the Good Lord will forgive you for the poison you spread out on the air as well as in your magazine. You should not be so spiteful and grudging, in the end it will reach you nothing. . . . To listen to you the veterans are an outfit of grafters but please, Mr. Leach, turn your tongue and pen on the real grafters — the international bankers. *Marcella Nuttall; New Jersey.*

Your envious hearted article recently printed in regard to World War Veterans, sure would like to express my opinion of a man with as small principle as I think you have. Are you a Wall Street man or do you live off the relief? Either way I judge you to be yellow as far as loyalty to our country is concerned. I suppose if we had another war and you were physically and mentally able to fight you would run like a turkey to get away . . . you are begrudging men money who risk their health and life for the liberties you now enjoy. As far as Congressmen and Senators are concerned, I sincerely hope we will always have a bunch of intelligent fellows who will look at this matter quite different from the way you do, if all fellow were like you we would not have any government long. *A loyal American citizen; Charleston, Ill.*

SLACKER

I read your protest against the veterans. Was you in the war? I don't think so. You were one of those slackers anybody could judge by your remarks. I would give my life to have you in the trenches right now. I would jab my bayonet through your heart. The veterans and their families are the good people of the nation. We are ready to fight again if war comes again . . . that is more than you can say. I hope if it does come I will meet you in the front line you slacker! *A Veteran.*

DEVILS

BLESS YOU FOR CASTING OUT TEN THOUSAND DEVILS. *Denver, Colo.*

MUD-SLINGER

Your article in THE FORUM places you in the same class as mud-slingers in political campaigns and they usually get beat. . . . *W. C. Mueller; St. Ansgar, Ia.*

WANTED, A LEADER

By writing a word to you of hearty approval I may at least let you know that almost as a unit the thinking people of this country are not indifferent to what the Legion has already succeeded in doing, or what it contemplates doing in the future. We are a bewildered people, Mr. Leach and we lack the right sort of honest leadership to guide us out of this labyrinth of confusion and despair. Yours is almost the first courageous voice I have heard raised against this legion racket since the administration of Mr. Hoover . . . *Howard Lee Maxon; Texarkana, Tex.*

A SWINDLE

Congratulations on your article. My sentiment exactly. To add weight to my approval will say I was in the world war and in France. The whole thing was a swindle. . . . *H. Bleegser; Wichita, Kan.*

CONGRATULATIONS

I am a veteran (horrid word) who spent 28 months in the United States Marine Corps during the war. I came through with a whole hide and have no complaint. I understood at the time that we were at war and was, to tell the truth, rather agreeably surprised that conditions were no worse than they were. However, I do lose a very valuable 28 months of my economic time and I did lose a pretty good job by being away so long and I do not resent being pointed to with scorn and considered as somewhat of a cross between a pirate and a porch climber

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because I really don't think that I am either. . . . Now I hold no brief for the Legion, and, in my inarticulate way I think that there are many other veterans who feel as I do — but until there is a considerable flurry of housecleaning beginning at the top and working down in our government house, I doubt whether there will be much let up on the part of the Legion in its effort to share in the loot. In any event, I'm all for you and I would to God there were more people of ability and standing and decency in this United States interested enough to raise their voices against what they conceive to be governmental evils. And I like THE FORUM. *Edward P. Simmonds; Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.*

A LISPING VOICE

May I urge you to continue your campaign with your present tactics? Nothing could help our side more. Everything you say and write shows that your opposition was conceived in avarice, is nursed in ignorance, and is exercised with prejudice. *Frank Miles; Editor*, Iowa Legionnaire; *Des Moines, Ia.*

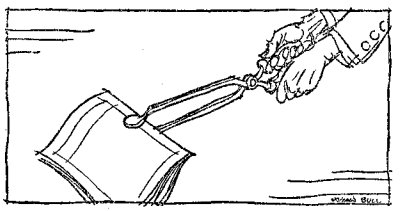
I heard the National Commander of the Legion tonight in his blistering attack on you. Anybody could tell just from the tone of his voice that you had drawn blood in your speech against the Legion. *William Robert Hanly; Rochester, N. Y.*

When are we to hear you raise your lisping voice in anger again over the radio? *Victor Williams; San Diego, Calif.*

October's issue of your de luxe FORUM carries on page 225 a revealing exhibit of that pocket-book morality so characteristic of the intelligentsia Americana! The breed, thank goodness, isn't either numerous or capable of virile propagation, but how they shine in the firmament of noisy propaganda! And what swanky, well-manicured consciences you pompous protectors of the nation's honesty and financial stability have when . . . you visualise the VETERAN! *Lance Freeland; Point Loma, Calif.*

ATHEISTIC

I have just read of your brain storm against the American Legion. I am also quite familiar with your atheistic outbursts, with which you very frequently blow off — to absolutely no effect upon anyone, except a few nit wits like yourself. For your information, the public has not heard your puny voice and they that have, paid no attention to it. Better look into the dirt and filth of the interests which you represent, and which for years have polluted government with their lobbies. You might need the soldier boys yet. *Bramwell Browne; Los Angeles, Calif.*



LIES

I wish to compliment you, sir, I have never in my life heard such a tissue of lies and misrepresentation as you put on the air that night. If I might enquire how much were you payed by the National Economy League for that speech? I am a war veteran with eighteen months in the trenches of France and on the banks of the Rhine river in Germany. If I do say so I have seen things that you have no conception of, and can have none because while we were sleeping in the mud and exposing our lives to daily extinction you and your ilk were here in safety waving flags and telling the world what you would do for our dear heroes when they returned. Lies, all lies! *Warren Rogers; Escondido, Calif.*

To say that I am surprised is putting it mildly that a learned man of your ability should make such statements to the public press. I attribute these remarks of yours to your lack of knowledge of the aims and purposes of the American Legion. You as well as many others are apt to overlook the great fundamental ideals of the Legion in the heat of more or less monetary and controversial issues.

The American Legion was created by our fighting forces overseas. They had won the greatest victory in the history of the world for the preservation of our principles and ideals of democracy. Our flag was made safe from the subjection of a monarch. . . . From the bottom of my heart I believe the American Legion deserves and it is receiving much the same kind of faith and trust and support from all true Americans that our members received from our people during their service in the army, navy and marine corps during the war. We of the American Legion want to keep alive that faith. *Franklyn E. Livernoche; Executive Secretary, Post 80, American Legion; Binghampton, N. Y.*

PLUTOCRACY

It is very evident that you are wearing very expensive smoked glasses provided by the plutocracy of America who are now giving a death cry that will be stilled for good by the storm of righteousness and justice now sweeping our nation. *Ernest W. Becker; Cleveland, O.*

Permit me to join the army of veterans who will arise today and denounce the utterances of such contemptible slackers as appearing in the daily press of present date. After reading your quotations I just add another name to the dressed up mob of pimps and bums (minute men and dollar-a-year men) who shirked their military duty that they would be free to rob and pilfer the U. S. Government. Thus you are classified with the du Ponts, et al. May your own blood disown you. With utter contempt for your class, I am a veteran discharged with honor. *Jerome T. Van Houten; Colorado Springs, Colo.*

INTESTINAL FORTITUDE

My congratulations, Mr. Leach, on your aerial discussion of the Program of the American Legion. It takes intestinal fortitude to beard this lion, but you did a magnificent job of it. Thank God or Buddha or whoever one should thank, for a man who has convictions and, what is infinitely more important, one who is not afraid to state them. I hope you continue to hammer this octopus and may your efforts be fruitful in slowing up the horrid creature. . . *Doane D. Black; Detroit, Mich.*

Please accept my hundred and twenty millionth of the thanks due for your broadcast Tuesday night. One is not rewarded for paying his poll tax and I think we should regard war service in the same light, except in case of wounds received in action or disabling disease suffered in camp. *J. M. Moore; Omaha, Neb.*

I read your scathing denunciation of all veterans groups and organizations. This country needs more men of your caliber and prestige to expose and uncover the rottenness of the boring in tactics of these groups. *Irwin M. Canfield; Colorado Springs, Colo.*

From your radio talk and from the current issue of your paper it would seem as though you are looking for a fight. Well, maybe the American Legion is big enough to give it to you and that sheet of yours; which is the dumping ground for all sinister opinions. *Val G. Powell; Baldwin, N. Y.*

TWO-FACED HAYES

Apparently Bro Hayes do not appreciate the *truth. Onlooker; Oshkosh, Wis.*

Congratulations for having courage and patriotism enough to show up the greatest panhandling organization the country has ever seen — The American Legion. Composed of self-important strutters, the Legion is the most disgraceful body of pretenders ever to appear in the United States. Two-faced Hayes can fool some people but not all. As the leader of an organization that is a worse menace to the

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country than Reds have ever been, it would be a patriotic act if someone put a bullet through him. *C. A. Sullivan; Boston, Mass.*

Questions

It is quite amusing and comical to read some of the articles written by some of you so called Doctors and suggestions you make with reference to Veterans and the American Legion and plundering the U. S. treasury, I suppose such non compotes as yourself and species of your type have conceived the Idea it is your duty to denounce and lambast the Veterans due to their some 17 to 19 Million Votes in this country and you see your prestage and influence in Congress slipping and that the Veterans might soon cause you and your kind to be penalized for a few cents and of course this naturaly make you fellows squirm in your chairs and go wild but you'll cool down, the Big Show the Boys put on for you Dudes must be paid for, so don't worry But write all you want to it falls on deaf ears when Veterans read it and as they have the controlling vote in this country. . . . *A veterans Friend*

I listened with much interest last evening to your tirade against every man who ever wore the uniform of his country in time of war.

Representing no one but myself, may I ask you a few questions and expect an answer, based on "truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

1st: Have you ever worn the uniform of your country in time of war?

2nd: If you were too young to serve in 1898 then why not in 1917?

3rd: Who financed that "Hook-up" last night?

4th: Who is financing the Dickie Byrd sojourn in the world's most expensive summer resort?

5th: Did you raise your voice in protest when Congress decreed that every Union veteran of the War Between The States who was honorably discharged was entitled to a pension and was later amended to remove the stigma from the deserter and the granting of an honorable discharge and the placing those deserters upon the Pension rolls?

6th: Would you damn A. Lincoln for his plea, "to care for those who have borne the battle and his widow and orphan?" A like doctrine was enunciated by THEODORE Roosevelt, do you likewise damn it?

7th: Did you ever raise your voice in protest when our Government compensated the manufacturers for all the losses CLAIMED that were due them at the close of the World War and went so far as to compensate them for the profits they anticipated making? *C. M. Harley; Roanoke, Ala.*

They Like It

You certainly said what a lot of us have thought but wouldn't dare say in public or we'd have been taken for reds or something such. *Elsa M. Partes; Schenectady, N. Y.*

Your radio address was good and real truth of facts and I hope we can stop these so called veteran raids, they are not content to have all the best jobs but want pensions with it. *G. S. Cronin; Wakefield, Mass.*

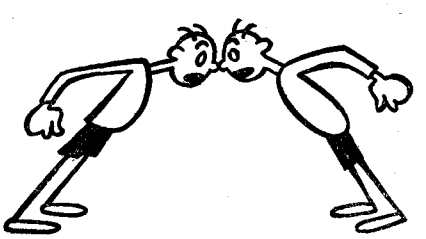
Your editorial a few months ago on the Legion Lobby was one of the finest things you have ever done. Now I wish to compliment you for the Black List in the October Forum. I agree with you entirely in this regard and shall accordingly vote against the men named on the list. You are rendering a great service to decent American political life. Continue!

I saw active service on the Western Front in the Great War and am thoroughly convinced of the utter folly and futility of all War and do not agree with the jingoistic, militaristic bonus and pension-mad Legion. *W. E. Johnson; Danville, Ind.*

Congratulations for sailing into the American Legion, which deserves everything you said. I wish Roosevelt by executive order would publish the list of "disabled veterans." In this town, I am sure it would cause something approaching a revolution. Keep up the good work. *Edward Mead Earle; Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Congratulations on your radio address last evening! It was revealing and convincing and will guide me when I cast my vote in November.

As a worried citizen of the U. S. A. thanks ever so much! *Stella E. Riis; Richmond Hill, N. Y.*



Yellow

I cannot address you as mister for you are one of the lowest things that crawl the earth and you showed your color "Yellow" in your broadcast this evening "Veteran's Lobby."

Well Leach I hope another war comes along and a lot of Yellow bellies like you are ahead of me and I will try and find out where that yellow streak goes to after it is shot out of your back. . . . *Bernard J. McGlone; Philadelphia, Pa.*

The Black List

I have just read your October number and must take my typewriter in hand for a moment to praise you most unreservedly for the article entitled The Forum Blacklist. The shameful cowardice of our legislators in truckling to the domination of the Legion is only equaled by the shameful looting of the U. S. Treasury by this professedly patriotic organization.

Although myself a red-star father I have never allied myself directly or indirectly with any branch or department of the Legion, because I consider it the most greedily UNpatriotic organization in the whole U. S. Organized warfare is in itself hellish and dangerous enough to any self-governing Republic, but I am inclined to think that the long-continued dominance of such an after-war organization in a Republic is a worse evil than the war itself, and in the end, whether measured in moneyloss or characterloss, costs a republic more than the war.

So I am writing to say that I WISH some other papers and magazines had enough courage and patriotism to publish Black Lists like yours and thus help purify American "patriotism" and American "politics" at the same time. *Henry Louis Smith; Greensboro, N. C.*

Many thanks for publishing a list of the *Friends* of the Veterans of the Spanish American War and . . . of the World War. . . . *W. Duncan; Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Amen

I'd like to add a small amen to the chorus of amens you must be hearing after your talk this evening on the radio. I'm a veteran and was once a member of the American Legion but long long ago I withdrew my entry. Probably if I'd served in the American forces I'd have stayed — or returned after I quit — but having been with the Canadians and collected a bonus of $280 I wasn't exactly on a par with the American soldiers who received only $60. But today my $280 is small compared with the benefits the legionnaire has received. My $280 represented four months pay which was the reward of the man who served more than one but less than two years overseas. However, if the Legion had stopped with the demand for the bonus I would have little criticism to offer. What I complain about and what I resent most deeply is the crusading spirit that drives the mob from one goal to another. Without that fervor and the goals the legion would long ago have faded out of the picture. The leaders shrewdly supplied the welding material. But when they did so they made the legion exactly what you called it, a racket. . . . *Walter Jones Harmer; Philadelphia, Pa.*

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OUR ROSTRUM

HONORS

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, in the publication for 1933 of his annual volume of The Best Short Stories, *has again awarded* THE FORUM *a quality rating of 100 per cent. All of the twelve stories published by* THE FORUM *during that period Mr. O'Brien designated with stars, while six he gave two stars, and two, Arthur Dee's "Injustice," in June, and William March's "This Heavy Load," in December, he starred three times.*

FICTION?

To the Editor:

. . . There are a number of statements in the article ["Taxes Save the Bootlegger," by Edward Angly; November FORUM] which do not seem to be supported by any data, and, in fact, I doubt if supporting data could be secured to sustain the statement, "The bootlegger is supplying the country with more than half its hard liquor." I have seen no supporting evidence to sustain the statement, "More liquor is being consumed in the United States now than before Prohibition." What I am at a loss to understand is how they get statistics on the volume of bootleg liquor. I am not trying to make a case for the present taxes because I recognize that whatever figure was adopted by Congress was more or less experimental.

Being a member of Congress, it seems to me that I should reserve any decisions until testimony is taken or representations made and not reach a conclusion based on an *ex-parte* statement. . . .

JAMES COUZENS

Birmingham, Mich.

To the Editor:

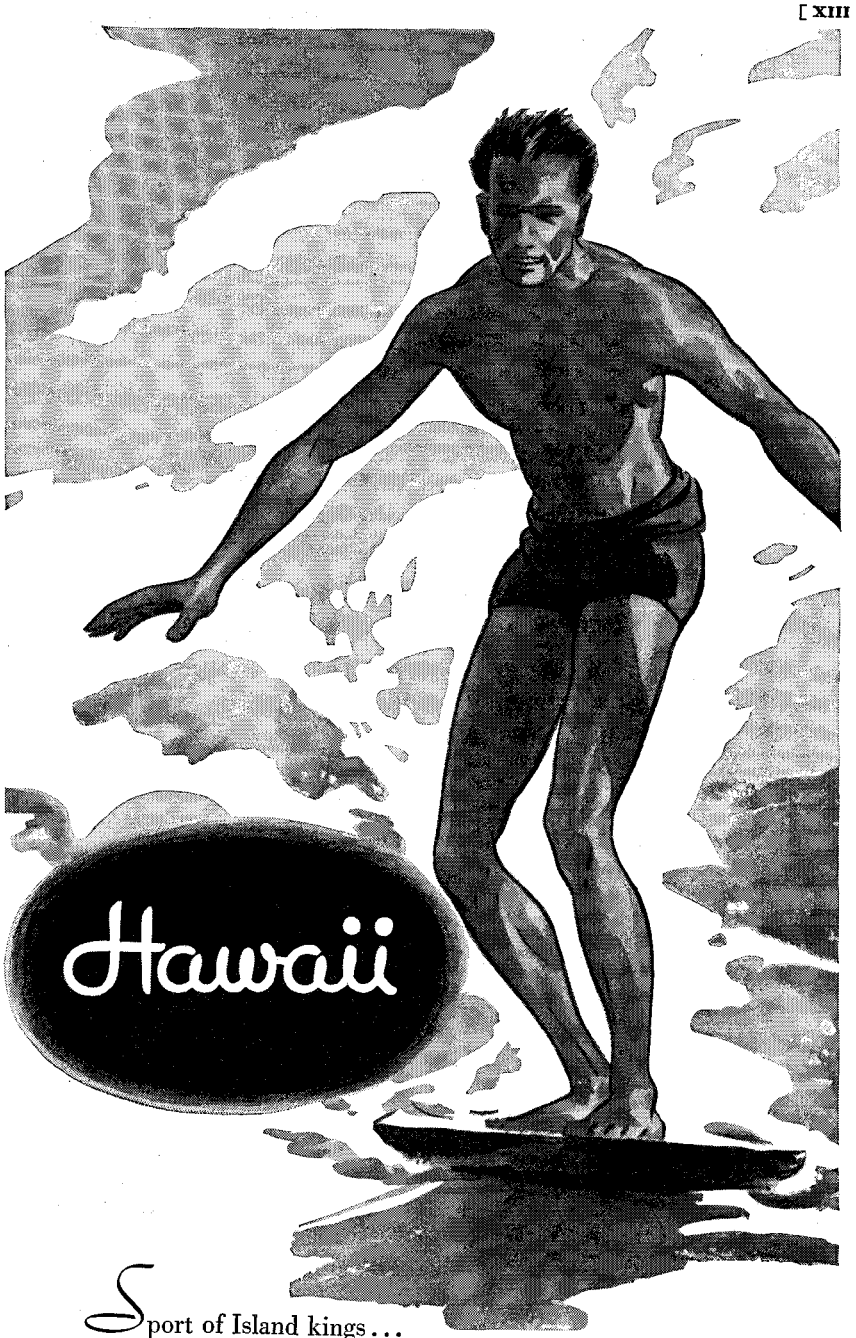
General statements in our American magazines are about as reliable as the Dodo. I like to think of THE FORUM as an honest publication. Mr. Angly ["Taxes Save the Bootlegger"] in the November FORUM repeats the liquor-propaganda fiction that half the liquor consumed in the country is sold by bootleggers.

Where do the authorities and others get this information, and if they know so much about the bootleggers and their business why do they not get them? A little fact would interest many of your readers.

ALBERT GALE

Luzerne, N. Y.

The basis for Mr. Angly's statements about the consumption of bootleg liquor was carefully explained in the article itself. Hard liquor to-day is legal in 29 states and the District of Columbia, and taxes are being paid on an annual consumption of about 40,000,000 gallons of whisky. Before the war, whisky was sold legally in less than half the states, but taxes were paid on an average annual consumption of 90,000,000 gallons. Ergo, *unless one makes the unreasonable assumption that less hard liquor is*



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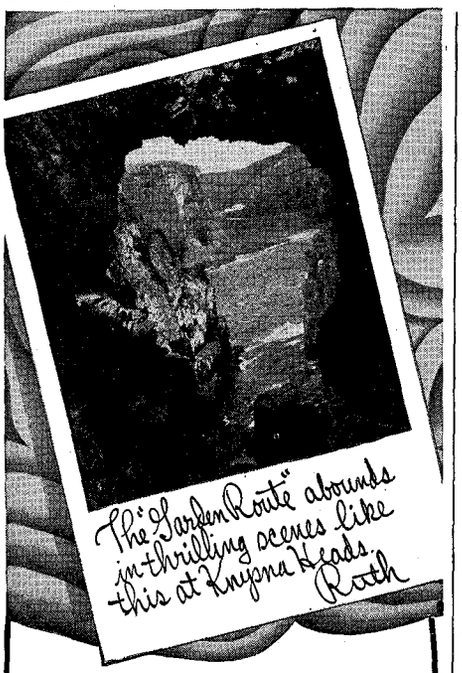

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OUR ROSTRUM

being consumed to-day than 18 years ago, approximately 50,000,000 gallons, or more than one half, of the whisky we drink in a year is untaxed — bootlegged. We suggest that querulous Mr. Gale present his second question to Federal Administrator Choate.

PUBLIC SERVICE

To the Editor:

Your foreword ["Wanted: a Trained Public Servant," October FORUM] is both rational and desirable. It will probably not be accepted. Did you notice how smoothly a civil-service man filled the shoes of the "Mellon-minded" Lew Douglas, and the budget office ceased to be news? . . .

I except from any praise, however, the diplomatic service. The successful career men in that service have not caused any wild waving of the Star Spangled Banner on my part.

I would like to ask you if it was malice aforethought that caused an article ["Henry (Poker Face) Fletcher, G. O. P.," by George Marvin] on the career of Henry Prather Fletcher to be included in the same issue of THE FORUM?

The need of an American school could not have been more clearly set forth than in the story of Prather's climb from cowboy to cookie pusher. . . .

E. O. SARRATT

San Antonio, Tex.

And Otis T. Wingo, Jr., Executive Secretary of the National Institution of Public Affairs, whose work the Editor commended in the same editorial, writes that everybody in America must read THE FORUM, for since publication of your article . . . we have literally received dozens of requests for information and application forms, directly attributable to THE FORUM.

THE CINEMA

To the Editor:

It seems to me that your article in the October FORUM on "Morals and the Movies" [by Edward L. Israel] states the real problem and proposes a proper method of attack or solution. The last paragraph, in its summary, seemed particularly telling. May the article have the widest publicity possible.

HARVEY L. EBY

Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editor:

. . . I don't see how any intelligent person can take issue with his contention that the way to solve the problem is not so much through censorship as through raising the cultural level of those who attend movies. If we are to permit special groups, whether they be religious or otherwise, to dictate the type of recreation that shall be permitted to our people, I believe that we will be undermining one of the fundamen-

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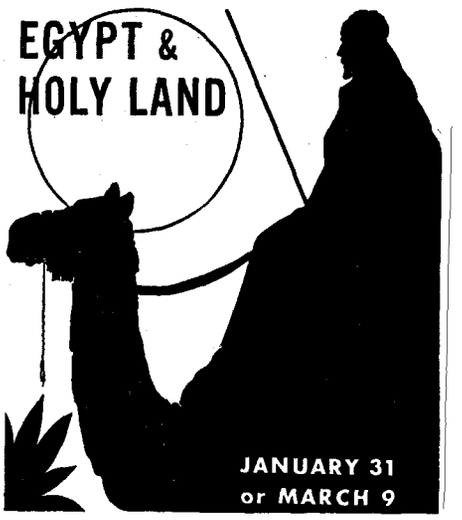

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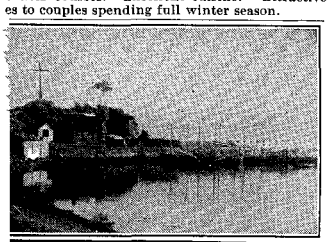

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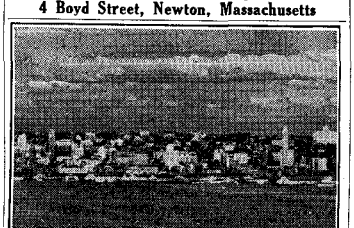

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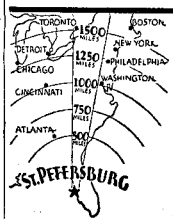

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tal tenets of democracy. To be sure, the movie producers do determine what shall be produced. This determination, however, is based upon the expectant profitability of their ventures. If our educational and religious institutions would devote more time and energy to raising the standards of appreciation, I feel that in the long run they would make a much more effective contribution to the production of artistic and spiritually elevating movies than would be possible through a boycott. A boycott may prove temporarily successful, but the fundamental problem of how to secure high-grade pictures will still remain. . . .

ISADOR LUBIN
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

. . . he is quite right in regard to the evils of government censorship.

But he makes no mention of block booking and blind booking, which were so successfully designed to prevent censorship by the patrons.

His indictment of the taste of the American people is brilliant writing. However, until the movie-going public has a choice of the pictures it will see, the low standard of the movie product cannot be laid entirely to the low taste of the patrons. . . .

ELEANOR BAUGHMAN
Cincinnati, O.

To the Editor:

The exceedingly astute defense of the movies in the October FORUM is well worth reading. But as a solution of the problem now agitating the minds of many citizens it is as notably barren. The argument presented may be summed up in some such sentence as this: "You say we are nasty; we admit it — but then so are you." If there is to be moral progress a beginning must be made somewhere, and the indignant protest of millions of American citizens is not to be silenced by calling names.

The public will welcome any constructive proposition for improvement. There is possibly no more sinister influence in the life of American youth to-day than that which proceeds from the movies as they are, and their tendency is steadily downward. . . .

H. A. NOYES
Walla Walla, Wash.

To the Editor:

Edward L. Israel's castigation of the religious faction of movie patrons . . . is a wholesome rebuke to them but hardly does justice to a considerable group of church people who long condemned the movies as he does as boycotted them. . . .

C. A. REICHEN
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CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

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The resort, too, offers many special and timely attractions. Church is close by. The Boardwalk is at our door, a veritable fairy-land of lights and decoration. There's ice hockey in the Auditorium, horseback riding beside the surf, golf on nearby courses. Also our long Ocean Decks from which to view the sea and the holiday spectacle. Dull moments just don't exist.

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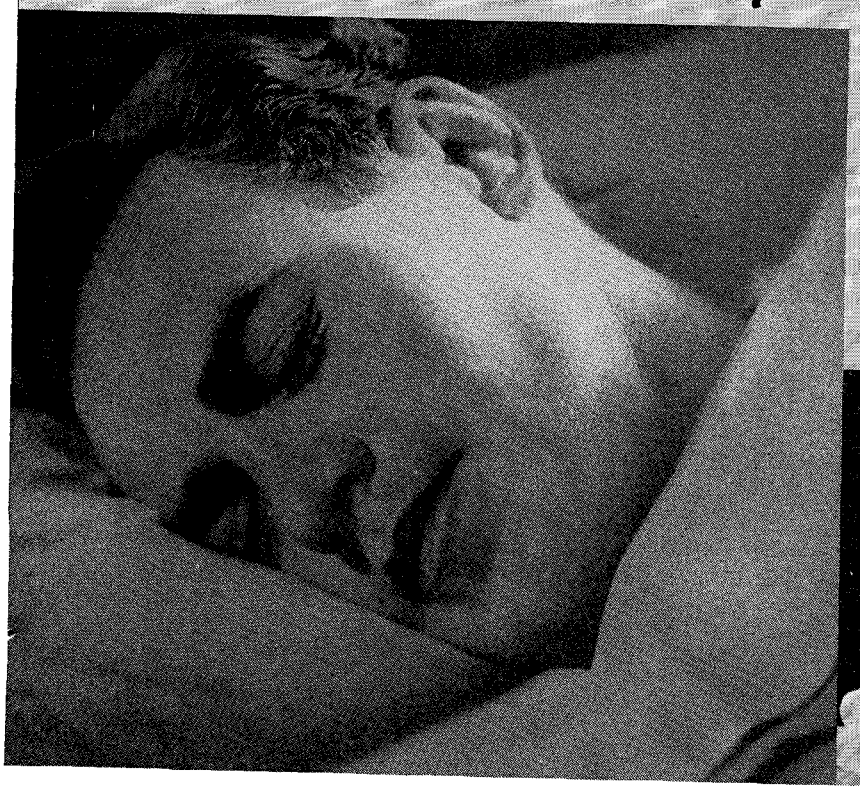
A Good Night's Rest

may depend on the little things you can be sure of at a STATLER HOTEL



● Night-time or day-time, at a Statler Hotel you will be happier, more comfortable and better satisfied because we have made it our policy to bend over backwards in our attention to minor details of service and equipment. Pictured on this page are just a few of the "little things" we have provided for your welfare at our hotels. We could point to a host of others, in *every* room at *every* Statler. And as time goes on, there'll be more and more . . . for out of our long experience we are constantly finding *new* improvements, both little and big, to give you a better place to live when you travel.

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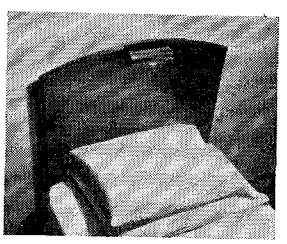
Mr. F. A. McKowne, President of Hotels Statler Co., Inc., inspects material for Statler bedrooms with an experienced eye. "One of our most important duties," says Mr. McKowne, "is to be ever watchful of the 'little things' that can make or mar complete hotel service."

•

It's no mere accident that you rest better in a Statler. Notice the "little things" in this picture . . . the bed head light, *certified* correct for reading fine print . . . the *two* downy pillows (even on a single bed) with sanitary innerslips and snowy white outer ones . . .



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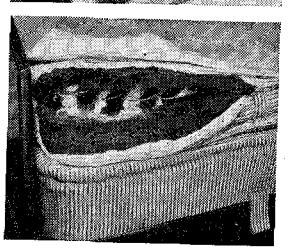
In every room in every Statler you lie on an inner-spring *hair* mattress (shown cutaway here), scientifically designed for healthful, restful relaxation. On it is a protector pad to give added smoothness . . . bedclothes extra long and wide for night-long comfort . . .



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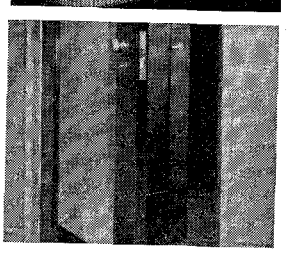
And as you drift off to sleep, you're still surrounded by our solicitude for "little things" that contribute to an undisturbed rest. Notice how the *doors* between rooms are *double* and felted at the edges for sound absorption. Sound-proof materials are used for floor and wall construction . . .



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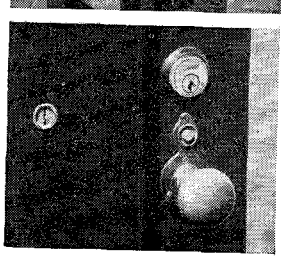
We could go on . . . and on. Here, for instance, you see the signal *above the knob* which shows *outside* your door to tell employees, "Room occupied, door locked." All these things —little in themselves—are a big part of the reason why people say: "They think of *everything* at a Statler Hotel."



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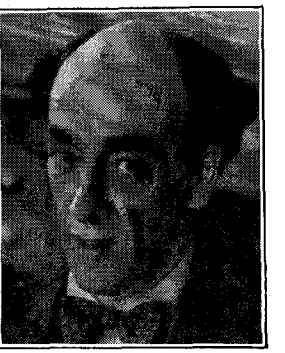


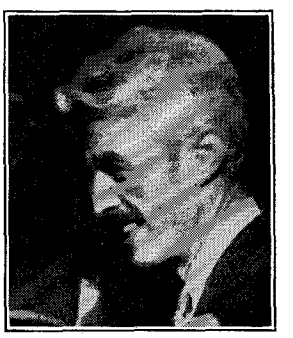
James Stephens, Irish author, snapped by the Review's special cameraman during an interview in New York. "Byron is the only poet of his time who is coming back," says Mr. Stephens

The Saturday Review

of Literature

Independent Reviews and Illustrated News of Books and Authors — Editorials, Feature Articles, Poetry, Literary Cartoons, and Alert Columnists

Disraeli boarded the S.S. Champlain to photograph Gertrude Stein as she arrived in New York



Dashiell Hammett, author of THE THIN MAN *of book and movie fame, caught at an Authors' League tea and/or cocktail party*

HERE comes Christmas and your annual problem of what to give to your friends who enjoy reading. Relating books to life, each issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* is well-planned, authoritative, interesting, and entertaining. The Review's regular contributors include many of the best of English and American writers. Its stimulating feature articles, intimate profiles of authors, and news of the publishing world combine with its independent book reviews to make it not just a review of literature but literature itself. The editors of the Review — Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, George Stevens, William Rose Benét, and Christopher Morley, lend it both personality and authority.

During the past few months *The Saturday Review* has published the work of Hervey Allen, Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, Edith Wharton, H. G. Wells, George Santayana, Robert Frost, and a host of others. It is now running a series of articles on the methods of leading writers in various fields, which has included to date: *Problems of a Novelist*, by H. M. Tomlinson, *How I Write Biography* by Harold Nicolson, *My Methods as a Historian* by James Truslow Adams, and *How I Write Short Stories* by W. Somerset Maugham.

In a less serious mood are *The Saturday Review's* news photographs of the literary scene, snapped by its own cameraman, Robert Disraeli (a few of his pictures are reproduced here), and its ingenious weekly literary puzzle, the *Double-Crostic*. For mystery story fans and devotees of lighter fiction the Review conducts two concise guides, The Criminal Record and Over the Counter. The columns of Personal Advertisements are so fascinating that many subscribers have assumed them to be fictitious. They are genuine, and paid for by the individuals who advertise.

In fact, in the opinion of Allan Nevins, Pulitzer-Prize Winner and Professor of American History at Columbia University, *The Saturday Review* is "the most interesting magazine in the country, bar none."

H. G. Wells photographed with the new Dymaxion car on East 62nd Street, Manhattan. Mr. Wells's AN INTRODUCTION TO MY LIFE *recently graced the front page of* The Saturday Review

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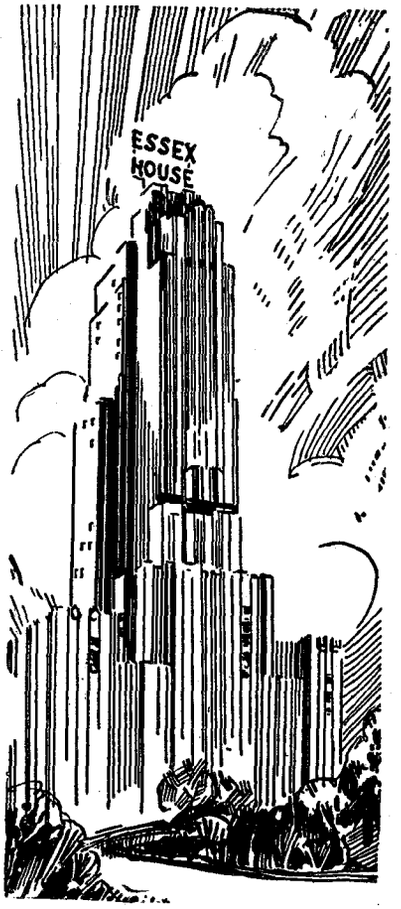

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TOASTS

DANIEL CALHOUN ROPER, United States Secretary of Commerce, is a South Carolinian and a graduate of Duke University. He was First Assistant Postmaster General in the Administration of Woodrow Wilson and later became Vice Chairman of the Tariff Commission and Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

GUY G. STEVENS studied to be a veterinarian at Cornell and served as a lieutenant in the Army Veterinary Corps during the World War. Without being pressed for an opinion he freely admits that he raises the best dahlias in Tompkins County, New York.

ELINORE MOREHOUSE HERRICK is Director of the New York Regional Labor Board and has the delicate task of soothing ruffled tempers and settling differences between employers and employees. She is afraid, she says, that in the course of this procedure she is becoming thoroughly unpopular all around. Mrs. Herrick was formerly Executive Secretary of the Consumer's League of New York.

MARY M. COLUM'S monthly feature on modern literature, missing in this issue, will be resumed in the January number. Mrs. Colum, convalescent after an emergency operation, wanted to write her article anyway, but was ordered by her doctor to do nothing but read detective stories.

SEYMOUR J. MILLIKEN lives in Ontario, California, and his observations on the Townsend Pension Plan thus have the advantage of a close-up view.

JOHN EDWIN HOGG has been a journalist off and on, since 1912, his specialty being war correspondence. He learned to fly in 1910 (when 'planes were box kites with motors attached) and served in the war with an aviation company in the Signal corps.

GEORGE F. HAVELL is Managing Editor of THE FORUM. His notes on French politics are some of the fruit of a three-month sojourn abroad last summer.

SCOTT JOHNSTON, of Iowa, Chicago, and Mexico City (but now in New York) is sculptor as well as caricaturist.

JAMES WHITTAKER is a New York newspaper man. He is pondering the request of a publisher there for a full-length book on the Stavisky case.

CHARLES H. SEAVER lives in White Plains, New York, and, remembering early service as a teacher, writes textbooks.

ELIZABETH MORROW is the widow of the late Dwight Morrow, formerly Ambassador to Mexico and United States Senator from New Jersey.

J. B. RHINE is Associate Professor of Psychology at Duke University. He is neither a spiritualist nor a theosophist.

AYERS BRINSER is a graduate of Harvard University and lives in New York City.

Poetry Contest

OPEN ONLY TO PREPARATORY AND HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS

Prizes:

FIRST PRIZE $50
SECOND PRIZE 30
THIRD PRIZE 20

Judges:

MARY BORLAND
ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN
MAX EASTMAN
ROY HELTON
EDMUND WILSON
AUDREY WURDEMANN

●

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Poetry Editor, THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., and must be mailed before midnight of February 1, 1935. Under no circumstances will any manuscripts be returned.

●

THE WINNER WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN A FORTHCOMING ISSUE

The following form, or a duplicate, should be attached to all entries:

NAME _____

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ADDRESS _____

TITLE OF POEM _____

FORM* OF POEM _____

** Ballad, ballade, rondeau, rondel, roundel, sonnet, triolet, vers libre, villanelle, etc.*

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